The Perfect Subjects
A BFB Fanfic
By TownClownUSA

First Day

I took a deep breath as I stepped out of my car, the cold autumn air hitting my face. This was my first big project job since becoming a genuine scientist and I needed a good first impression. Especially because I heard that my boss is rather strict... But none the less I'll work my hardest to get on his good side. I looked in the reflection of my car window and brushed my fingers through my blond hair. Files in hand, I walked into the white building. The floors were clean and shiny, and the walls were plain and white. It made me more nervous. I clutched the files as I opened a door with the key card I was sent and walked into an open room. There have been no windows thus far. There were tall, thin compartments sticking out from the wall as I walked to my new boss's office. I knocked on the doors and could hear a groan. The door clicked and I was greeted by a tall person. I was 5'4, so they felt incredibly tall.

"You're early." He said plainly. His tan skin and dark brown hair was different to my dark skin and blond hair. And for being a sanitary lab, he kept their shoulder-length hair free from hair bands.

"A-Ah! Sorry about that! I didn't see I was early!" They took the files from my hands.

"So you're Dr. Xavier then?" He asked. I nodded.

"Right. I'm Dr. Foster, as you should already know. I've been preparing my new project for years now, so you better be ready to start immediately." I nodded quickly.

"Of course! What is the project, sir?" I asked nervously. He picked up papers from their desk and handed them to me. I read through the papers swiftly, taking in all the details I could. It was an amazing concept.

"Making inanimate objects sentient? With some solution?" I asked,

afraid I read it wrong.

"Exactly right, I've been working to make it for a while, and I believe everything's finally prepared." They said as I followed him to a room next to his office. There was a large metal table in the center, and what looked like a fridge. He opened the fridge and pulled out a tall tube of a light green liquid. The top and bottom of the glass tube were reinforced with metal.

"Open that drawer over there and pull out the tennis ball." He instructed. I pulled open the drawer next to the fridge and pulled out a plastic bag with a tennis ball inside.

"Wash it." They instructed again. I looked at the ball.

"Wash it?" I asked. He looked at me.

"Did I stutter?" He asked coldly. I shook my head quickly and went to the sink in the back of the lab and began washing the ball. I dried it with a towel and joined Dr. Foster at the metal table.

"Give me the ball." I placed it in their gloved hand and quickly put gloves on as well. He opened clips on the sides of the metal reinforcement, releasing pressure from within. I watched carefully as he placed the clean tennis ball in the liquid, and closed the lid again.

"This should do it for today. We let it set in the fridge and tomorrow it should have taken full effect." Dr. Foster explained calmly, putting the container in the fridge. I stood confused.

"What else should I do?" I asked nervously. They thought for a moment.

"Organize your office, it's next to mine, and make sure you read these files so you know what you'll be doing." They said grabbing more files and handing them to me. I quickly went to the empty office to organize. It had a small desk in the corner and a large shelf on the other side. The shelves had short baskets that I could roll out. It was already filled with many small bags of gross looking clumps. I couldn't tell what they were so I moved to my desk and began to read my files in the chair provided. This was... bigger than I thought. I

have to raise all the objects, and teach them, and tend to their needs. And it seems those weird organic clumps on the shelves was their food. It also said they would have a small buzzer in their room.

I had a large grey panel above my desk on the wall. The papers said they could buzz it if they needed me and I'd hear their complaint or request through a corresponding speaker. And a small light would flash green when they pressed it. And if I needed to go to their room I could open a panel to see into their rooms. But there was also another handle to open one of the walls in case of an emergency. This was a lot to take in. What would he even be doing? It seemed like I had a lot of responsibility. I decided to take my files with me when I went back.

I still had an hour here so I decided to explore the lab. When I stepped out I could see 8 compartments, tall, but not very wide. Each has a small handle. These were the panels described in the files. I opened the panel and peeked inside. The walls were painted a pale blue. And the ground had extremely short fake grass. It looked like a nice diorama. But knowing living things would live here scared me. Especially if they're supposed to talk like humans would. I moved on to a small room. It was held off by a door so I entered. There were three rows of box-shaped compartments, all with rectangular doors without handles. I quickly flipped through my files and found what looked like what these boxes were. They were sleeping rooms. They were remote-controlled so the button on the wall inside the room would open them all. But the files also said Dr. Foster had a panel to open specific rooms individually. I pressed the button next to the door and all the small doors opened at once. I leaned down to look in one. It had the same short fake grass but the walls were a very dark blue, to represent the night sky and little white dots sparsely scattered around to look like stars. As I stood I read more about the rooms. Apparently, when the doors are closed it turns on small, dim lights inside the stars. Which is very cute I must admit, but it felt weird they were being locked in there. But it's probably for their safety. It seems cozy. I closed the doors with the button and left the room. Flipping to a new section in the files I could see something... off-putting.

The "punishment rooms".

According to the files it was to "teach any misbehaving subjects a lesson for rowdiness or misbehavior". They were short boxes on top of the normal rooms. On the side was a door. I used my keycard to open the door and peeked in. The walls were dark and it looked like there is no light. On one side was a pond of water and on the other was a part of a yoyle berry bush. The grass was purple to match the yoyle berry's origin location of Yoyle Land. The files say it locks and is always dark... seems evil. There's a latch where I can refill the pond. How long would he put someone there that I'd need to refill it? Weird. Looking at my watch it seemed I've almost run out of time.

"I'm going to head out then!" I said in Dr.Foster's doorway. They put up one finger to stop me and he stood to grab something for a drawer. He pulled out the white coat that made me internally squeal.

"Is this your size?" They asked handing it to me. I checked the tag.

"Yup! This'll fit!" I reassured him, tucking the folded coat under my arm.

"Alright, then Xavier, up and early tomorrow!" He said as I left his office.

"Will do!" I said leaving the office. The wind was colder when I left. On my drive home I could hear a vibration. I was getting a call from my best friend since high school. I put her on speaker as I kept driving.

"How did it go!?" Teressa yelled excitedly. I laughed.

"Went fine! I barely did anything and I'm off early!" I told them.

"So what's this thing you're gonna do? I know you said there was supposed to be one big thing you do." I sighed, looking over at the files on my passenger seat.

"I don't know if I'm allowed to tell you!" I said gaining a disappointed sigh.

"Shawn! That's so not fair! I tell you about my job all the time!" She whined.

"The difference is you work at an office for some company, I'm doing some big, slightly suspicious project." They groaned.

"You know if my job had some secret project I'd tell you everything about it!" She complained. I sighed.

"Fine fine. I'll tell you when I get home." I said.

"Yes! You better video call me though because I wanna see what you wore to work! Bye!" She hung up before I could respond. I sighed and kept driving in silence until I got home. I lived quite a nice life I'd say. A well-paid scientist gets a lot. I entered my small one-story house and took in the warmness that covered me as I walked in. I walked into my room and set down all my stuff, looking at my coat. It was white and pristine and had creases from its new folds. I'd have to iron it before tomorrow. I picked up my phone and dialed Teressa. She picked up before the third ring.

"Hey, Tere-"

"The outfit! Now!" They yelled cutting me off. I went to my bathroom and turned flipped my camera in the mirror.

"Oh! How simple, I thought you'd wear a suit? Aren't labs like super fancy?" She asked. I looked at my outfit as well. I was wearing a plain yellow t-shirt and black slacks with black dress shoes. It was quite plain.

"Oh wait! One sec," I yelled to the phone running out of the room. I unfolded the white coat and slipped it on. I ran back into the bathroom and showed her my coat. She squealed and clapped her hands rapidly.

"OH! It's so cool! Like a real scientist!" They yelled.

"Well, I... AM a real scientist Teressa." I said quietly. She laughed.

"I know! But it seems way more real with the coat!" They said excitedly. I laughed. I had a long workload ahead of me. I explained to them the limited basics of the project as to not spoil much. They was very impressed. I couldn't wait to do this project.

Which is what I thought until it was late at night and I was in bed. In the darkness, I felt like I was doing something wrong. Like the idea that these things we were making that could learn and talk felt weird. But it's not like torture on animals or anything. I'm just raising them. It's fine. It's fine.

My drive to work kept giving me a sinking feeling, but I tried to keep my cool as I entered the building and buzzed my key card. Dr. Foster stepped out of the lab.

"You're here, come in now I'm opening the vessel." I quickly set my files down and went into the lab area.

The container still contained the tennis ball... but it had limbs. And eyes. And a mouth. I couldn't believe my eyes!

"You'll have to clean this slime off it when I take it out and then help me put in the tracking chip." They said unclipping the metal lid. I watched as he pulled the small creature out. I was wearing gloves like him this time but they put the tennis ball in a towel. He handed it to me and I went to the sink and turned on the warm water. I used the towel they laid on and wiped the now clear goo off of it. It began to move and I almost jumped. It squirmed a little bit, it's little mouth scrunching up. It did not open its eyes. I dried it and it let out a small squeak. It was cute.

"Bring it here now, come on." Dr. Foster said so I brought the small thing over to the table.

"You'll use these surgical retractors to hold open his right eye and I'll insert this small chip under his eye." I blindly listened to him and used the small retractors to hold open the tennis ball's eye. It had tall black eyes with no definite sclera. It weakly moved its small legs. I only now noticed it's uneven arms. Dr. Foster had tweezers holding a small chip and a small flat metal tool. They used the flat metal to go in between the things eye and socket and moved it to pull its eye up. The tennis ball began to cry loudly and it shook me to my core.

It sounded like a real baby, a child.

But I couldn't move. So Foster pushed the tweezers in the gap he made and dropped the chip in. They pulled their tools out and I released the retractors out. The tennis ball still sobbed out loudly. Dr. Foster turned and grabbed a scalpel and walked back over to the small child.

"Damn arms came out wrong." They said under his breath. I looked at the crying baby.

"Wrong?" I asked. He pointed at the arms with his scalpel.

"From many of my failed experiments I've noted that fully developed arms have sphere shapes at the end of their thin limbs. It barely developed them so I'll cut off the false parts and mark it ineffective." He explained quickly before beginning to quickly slice off the balls small arm near their body. They cried louder, a scream of pain and upset. It hurt but I kept my composure.

"What is this about effective and ineffective?" I asked. They sliced off the other arm and used the towel to wrap him up and clean the blood.

"I'm making many of these creatures because many are bound to fail, so when they come out wrong I can have better ones. So I keep the failures for further testing and to see their interactions with the effective. " They said grabbing a role of thin red tape from a table along with scissors.

"So I mark them with red tape to distinguish them." He said cutting a small red rectangular strip of tape and pressing it on the side of the ball's face. They handed me the towel wrapped tennis ball.

"Take him to one of the compartments, his crying is infuriating." He commanded. I looked down at the small ball.

"Him? How do you know?" I feared more things if they had genitalia.

"From previous research, I learned you can tell by its teeth. So you should mark it down. As you'll read you'll need to keep tabs on all of the creatures." I nodded, having not actually read that part. I looked down at the ball as I walked. He cried loudly as I opened the small

door to let him in. But I couldn't leave him crying. I left the door open and tried to soothe the little one. I pet him with a gloved hand until his tears calmed. He sat up and fell onto his back. I used my hand to pull him back up. I closed the door and ran to grab my files. Oh no! I should be teaching! Objects grow at a faster rate. A week after "birth" they'll already be fully developed. So today I can teach... talking. On my way back I had some horrid realization. No one's ever done this before. So how would Dr. Foster know how they are taught and how they grow. Unless there were others that... aren't here now. They've killed some, haven't they? That's horrible. Absolutely horrible. I leaned down to the door again. Tennis Ball turned towards me.

"Hi!" I said softly. He opened his mouth slowly.

"H-H" he started. I sneakily pulled out my phone and began recording. He stuttered.

"H-Hi!" He said in the smallest, high pitch little voice. I smiled happily.

"Hi!" I said again. He laughed.

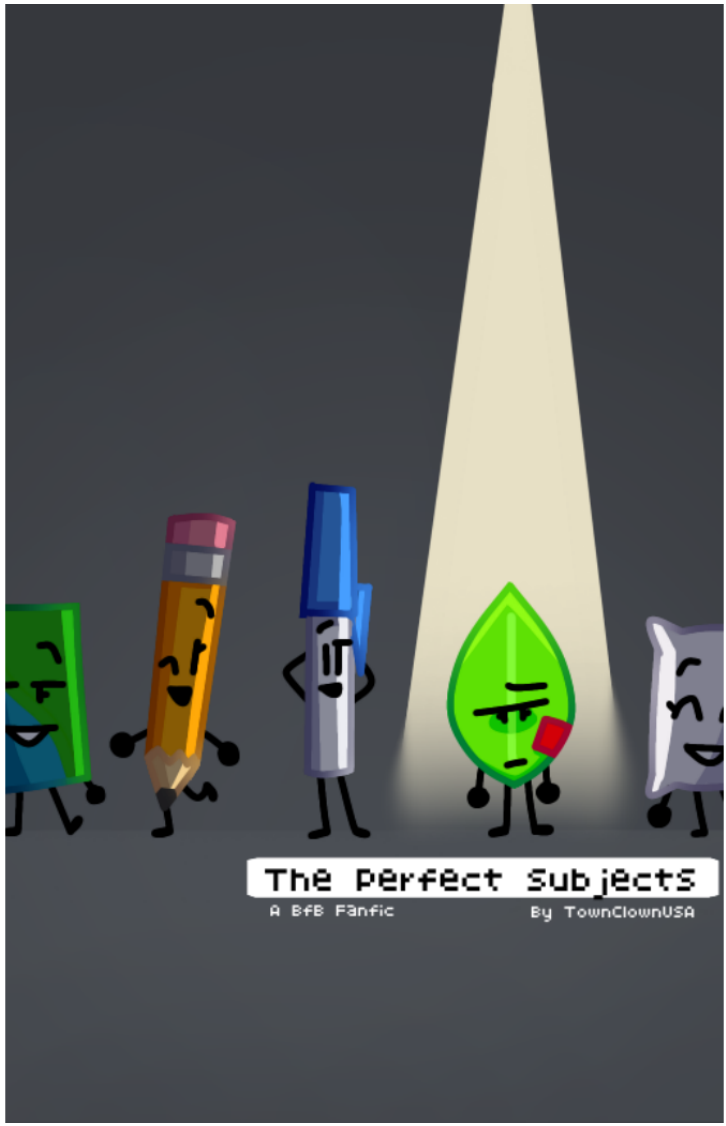
"Hi!" He said back, smiling.

"Hi!" I said laughing back. Seeing his cute little face made me realize something. I didn't know what I was doing with a lot of things. But I knew one thing.

I will make sure I get anyone and everyone out of here someday.

NEW BOOK 🎉🎉

Here's the cover if the one it shows is stupid and gross looking (is it??)



I really like those "objects are made in a lab" stories

So I wanted one too

Fun right?

Well anyhow,

I have until May til I'm back to in person school so I should have tons of free time

New human designs!!!

Love them

:•)

And Then There was Two

I spent that night in bed rewatching the video I took of Tennis Ball. His little laughs and his pure smile brought me joy. I even ended up sending it to Teressa because I couldn't keep it to myself. She thought it was amazing and that she wanted one but of course, she couldn't. I also made them promise not to tell anyone about my project and they promised but I don't think she'll keep it.

The next morning I quickly got ready because I was so excited to see Tennis Ball. When I got there I quickly left my car and went into the building. Dr. Foster was standing with a clipboard against a wall.

"Oh, Dr. Foster! Good Morning!" I said happily. He looked at me plainly.

"Morning. I'm just taking notes right now. If the thing is upset it's because I took out one of it's teeth." My mood felt ruined immediately. Why would they do that to the poor baby?

"Why'd you take a tooth out?" I asked. They looked up from their clipboard.

"He's defective. I'm testing it for defections in his DNA." He explained to me, looking back down at his clipboard. I didn't know they had DNA. Of course, assuming they've killed other small living things, I'm not surprised THEY know. I sighed and walked over to his room and opened the small door. I leaned on the floor and peeked in. When the little ball saw me he smiled happily. I waved at him, noticing that his eyes were open. They were the same tall dark ovals that I saw yesterday when we put in the tracking chip.

"Dr. Xavier I hope you've got your notes ready. You'll need notes on his height, deformities, and his advancement." They said coldly. Poor baby being talked to so harshly.

I went to my office and grabbed paperwork Foster put on my desk. It had blank sections for his name, gender, defective/effective, and even a square for a picture. Cute. I brought it and my work files over to where Tennis Ball waited in his room. Dr. Foster was back in his office. I quickly write down his info. Today I had to teach him more speech and how to walk. Easy enough. But first I had to feed him.

I went back to my office and grabbed a small packet that contained the organic clump that was his food. Apparently, it was a mush of vegetables, fruits, and a small amount of raw meat. Probably healthy but absolutely gross looking. I brought it to Tennis Ball and he instinctively bit it and began eating, but as he ate the gross food it got pushed away from him. He seemed confused so I took it as a moment to help with his motor functions. I used my fingers to push his legs to grip the ball. And he eventually got the concept and used his legs to hold the food ball and finished it.

"Good job!" I said happily. He smiled.

"Good job!" He yelled happily. I smiled. I felt a presence behind me and turned quickly. Foster looked down at me as I lied on the floor.

"You'll also have to take notes on the other one." My eyes widened. Had I not noticed or something?

"Other one? What other one sir?" I asked as politely as I could. They kept a neutral expression.

"After you went home I put a golfball in the solution." They said calmly. I felt robbed not getting to help the small thing through its pain.

"She's in the room next to this one, don't take long with her." He said before turning and walking away. I looked at Tennis Ball and he smiled.

"I'll be right back, okay?" I said petting him. He smiled, showing his missing tooth.

"Okay!" He repeated back. Cute. I closed the small door to his room. I walked to the room next door. The small side door would be hard to

reach since the space between the rooms was small so I used the "emergency" door on the front to see inside. The small golfball cowered when she heard someone nearby. Poor thing. I reached my hand in and pet the small thing as she shaked. Her eyes were closed and it showed her youth, as she was technically younger than Tennis Ball.

"It's okay," I said softly. She let her shaking slow.

"O-Okay." She said quietly. Already beginning to learn.

"See? I won't hurt you." I promised as I pet her. She quietly let it happen. I filled out my papers quickly.

"I have to go now, okay?" I said. She frowned.

"Okay..." she said quietly. I stood closed the door, making my way back over to Tennis Ball, because I still had work to do. I opened his emergency door as well. He sat near the doorway.

"Hi!" He said happily. I smiled.

"Hello!" I said.

"My names Doctor Xavier!" I said calmly.

"D-D-Doctor Z-Zavy." He tried to pronounce. I laughed. He looked at me confused.

"That's good!" I reassured him. For the next hour, I spent teaching him many phrases and sentences. I then had to teach him to walk. I learned the best process was to use my two index and middle fingers to hold the underside of his body and let him move his leg as I held him. I lowered my help little by little until he was basically walking on his own.

So I had a final test for him. I set him down a little away and backed up. He looked at me nervously.

"Come on Tennis Ball!" I said putting my hands out. He was so small his little walk was cute. I marked him down as 3 inches tall, including his legs. He walked with great confidence towards me.

Once he reached me I picked him up and cheered.

"You did it Tennis Ball!" I said happily. He smiled.

"I did it!" He cheered.

"Now I have to put you in your room and go check on Golfball." He looked at me with confusion.

"Who's G-Golvfall?" He asked, desperately trying to pronounce her name.

"She's in that room there, I'll introduce you to her tomorrow." He nodded as I put him in his room and waved goodbye. I went back to where Golfball was and opened the door to see her. She flinched at the sound.

"It's me! It's Dr. Xavier. " I reassured her. She must've recognized my voice because she immediately calmed. I realized she's probably scared of Dr. Foster because they put in the chip by themself, instead of with my help. And from what I've seen the crying irritates them.

"I brought you food!" I said scooping her up in one of my hands. Since she wouldn't be able to use her legs properly yet, I used one hand to hold her and the other to hold the food ball to her mouth. She ate slowly. Taking little bites with her tiny teeth. That part freaked me out, the whole being born with teeth thing. But it's better than teething.

She finished after a couple of minutes and got comfy in my hand. I took the opportunity to take another picture. They're all just so cute. I let my thumb go over the red strip of tape in her face, in the same spot as Tennis Balls mark. Another "defective". I wonder what an "effective" will look like. Probably would have arms. I poked her lightly and she stirred, but she was asleep. I decided to put her in her room. But before I did I grabbed a ruler to measure her height. 2.4 inches tall. And she should grow over time.

I pushed the button and all the doors to the rooms opened. I read on my papers when there are more creatures I'd wake them and put them to bed at the same time but for now, she was younger so it's

okay. I laid her in one of the rooms on the grass. I used the button to close all the doors and looked out at the rooms. It was three rows tall and 21 across against one wall. Which was 63 if I'm correct. Yeesh, that's a lot. Why does he need that many? How many would be defective? Poor things. I walked back to Tennis Balls room and opened his door. He smiled and walked to the entrance.

"Good job Tennis Ball!" I said clapping quietly. He smiled.

"Thank you!" He said back, remembering manners I taught him. I pet him and looked at my watch. It was almost time for me to go.

"I think it's time for you to go to sleep." He frowned slightly.

"Okay." He said quietly. I frowned.

"Hey, I'll be back tomorrow!" I reassured. He looked down sadly but nodded. I moved out of his way and stood up.

"You'll walk today since you know how!" I said and he looked nervously around the lab. Strange he's still so nervous to be in the main lab area since that's where he was taught to walk just earlier. He anxiously followed me to the rooms. I pushed the button to open all the doors. Tennis Ball walked but stopped near his door, probably seeing Golfball. He walked to her doorway.

"Who's that?" He asked quietly, staring at her inquisitively. I didn't want them to see each other yet but I guess I can't stop it now.

"That's Golfball, I told you about her earlier," I explained.

"Golfball." He said softly, pronouncing her name right. He must've been so intrigued by a new creature that looks similar to him. I kneeled down and used my hand to usher him to his room.

"Let's not wake her now. Goodnight." I said standing.

"Goodnight!" He said and I closed the door. I sighed and closed the room's door. Dr. Foster was waiting outside the door.

"O-Oh! Dr. Foster! Is something wrong?" I asked cautiously.

"I was just observing, you're very close aren't you?" I stood up straight.

"No, I'm just tending to them," I explained calmly. He looked down at the files I've been clutching for hours.

"Have you read page 14 of the overview?" He asked skeptically.

"Of course sir." I lied, I still haven't gotten to read all of it. They narrowed they're eyes.

"Strange choices with the defectives then. Anyways I came to assign you another workload," I groaned internally.

"What's the new work?" I asked, trying to keep a unannoyed voice.

"I have my own creative limitations. So I want you to find more inanimate objects to advance this project." I nodded.

"Will do!" I reassured him as if he expected me to object. And I wouldn't unless I wanted to lose my job. He nodded.

"Well, then I'll let you take your leave. Don't be late tomorrow." They said sternly as if I was late ever. They walked away before I could respond. I quickly packed and began home.

I sat comfortably on my couch, chips in one hand and overview in the other. I decided to skip to page 14 first to read whatever Foster was talking about. I read carefully.

-End of the project procedures-

With the end of the Living Object project, you will be given steps to end the project properly.
Here is the cleaning procedure.

1. Use sleeping gas to knock out all objects.
2. Take the defective objects out separately.
3. Terminate the defectives with the specified solution provided, this will be injected in the objects tongue with a needle.

I dropped the papers on the floor. I couldn't even read the rest. I

stood with shaky legs and held my head. My vision felt clouded. I picked up the paper again. My hands were shaking so much I couldn't even read it. I sat down and tried to call myself with deep breaths. I read it over again. It could be true.

*"**Terminate** the defectives."*

No. Please. They don't deserve that! I decided to go to bed early that night. But I couldn't drown out the thought. I kept watching the video. The little laughs. He's already grown so much. How long do I have?! Days? Months? Years? I don't care. I'll get them out of here. I'll save them.

An upsetting morning when I woke to snow covering the grass outside my bedroom window. I got dressed and left the house quickly. I was anxious. He wanted to kill them. I didn't even trust him alone with them. That monster. When I got there I stopped on the small sidewalk leading from my parking spot to the lab. The fluffy snow was perfect and white. I picked some up and made a snowball. A snowball huh? That could work. I walked inside and made my way to Dr. Foster's office.

"Good morning!" I said cheerily as if they weren't entirely cruel.

"Morning Dr. Xavier, do you need something?" They asked coldly. I kept my spirits up and held up the snowball.

"I think this would be good for the project, right?" I said confidently. He raised a brow suspiciously.

"A snowball?" He asked again, waiting for me to say I was lying.

"Yup! I believe if we can make more prominent objects like this, it'll be revolutionary!" I said, marketing the ball melting in my hands. He stared at it blankly.

"Okay." They said taking the ball from my hand and going into the real lab area. He grabbed a container of the solution and dropped the snowball in. It miraculously kept its shape.

"That should do it, good job." He said walking out of the room. How distant. I walked through the main lab area to the sleeping room. I

opened the door and used the button to open all the doors. Tennis Ball stood and walked out of the room. He looked taller. He turned towards Golfballs room again.

"You guys can talk later," I said walking in and ushering him away as Golfball stared back with her open eyes. They both seemed so mesmerized with each other. I guess I can't blame them since this is the third thing they've ever meet. Especially one so close looking to one and other. But I have stuff to do before I let them officially meet. I followed Tennis Ball as he walked to his room and then went back to carry Golfball to hers. So I started teaching.

Today Tennis Ball had to be educated. I sat him down with a little piece of paper and a mini pencil. The paper was cut to be his size, about 2 inches tall. It was quite fun. I taught him numbers, the alphabet, basic math, science, and then I gave him lunch. I even taught him to write! Which was very difficult without arms. But I want him to be as skilled as any "effective" object would be. It took about two to three hours but it was worth it.

"I'm gonna go see Golfball now, alright?" I said putting him back in his room.

"Okay, when do I get to meet her?" He asked. I smiled.

"Soon enough Tennis Ball. Promise." I said closing his door. I went over to open Golfball's door. She was confused at first until I talked. She must have not recognized me earlier.

"Hi Golfball!" I said smiling. Her eyes lit up.

"Docty Xavy!" She cheered, so she remembered my name. It was cute when they pronounced words so confidently.

"Yup! Let's talk some more." I said picking her up. I ended up holding her in my hands while sitting criss-cross on the floor and just talking to her. She caught on faster then Tennis Ball. In the end, she had learned quite a bit so I moved on to walking. It must be because she's smaller, but she learned to walk very fast. I did the test and she walked over to my hands, smiling confidently. I lifted her up.

"Good job!" I said holding her up.

"You ready to meet someone?" I asked excitedly. She smiled happily.

"Yeah!" She cheered so I opened Tennis Balls door and set her down on the fake grass. They both seemed incredibly intrigued by each other because all they did is stare at each other.

"Hi." Tennis Ball said quietly. Golfball stared intensely.

"Hello." She said back. It seemed awkward but it was more like they were too confused to know what to say. Tennis Ball day down and Golfball sat across from him.

"What's your favorite color?" He asked smiling. Golfball narrowed her eyes.

"My favorite what?" She asked. I cut them off.

"Golfball doesn't know what that is, why don't you tell her about it?" I instructed. I, of course, would teach her tomorrow but this could be nice. I closed the emergency door and opened their smaller door to hear they conversation.

"See, I'm green, and so is this grass." Said Tennis Ball.

"But they look different?" She responded.

"Because my green is more vibrant, so it's a brighter color." He explained.

"Oh, that's cool! What color am I?" She asked. He stayed silent a moment.

"You're a nice white and gray color." He said proudly.

"Is it bright?" She asked.

"I think so yes." She hummed in satisfaction.

"That's good!" She said proudly. Since they were the only two for now they'd probably be good friends. I just hope I can help them out of

here in time.

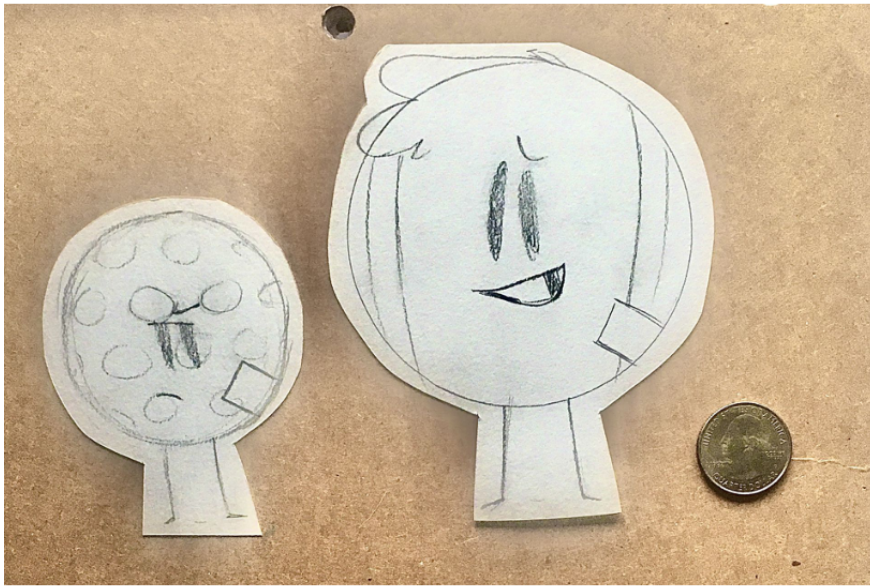
Second chapter everybody!!

Pretty epic huh

Also, I'm really bad at size reference when I'm writing so I wasted like 15 pages of my sketchbook making size ref

So I used the not canon sizes Satomi posted and like converted them and then made paper ref

So here's full-grown Golfball and Tennis Ball next to a quarter



I hate writing too much down here 😶

:•)

A First Success

I've been avoiding Teressa's calls. I'd texted them that I was too busy but really I was just afraid I'd break down on the phone about Tennis Ball and Golfball. I didn't want that.

The morning was slow. I kept spacing out and staring at walls. My reflection in the mirror felt wrong. I don't remember my drive to work. But walking in and seeing that Dr. Foster was in the lab reminded me that we had a new creature today! I put my stuff down on my desk and ran over to the lab. Dr. Foster had just set the vile on the table.

"Look! He has arms!" Dr. Foster said smiling, a first I'd seen. Looking into the vile, they was right. The snowball had arms, and at the end of the thin arms were small orbs.

"So he's effective?" I asked as if I cared if they were effective or not. They nodded.

"The first success in a sea of failures." He said cheerfully, handing me the freshly born ball.

"And him? I want you to train him extra to be strong. I wanna see his strength." They said with an unsettling smile, leaving the room. Did they just leave me to put in the chip? Some sort of test? I was too scared to call him back. I used the towel to wipe him off, too scared to use water. I set him down on the table as he tried to grab at the towel that he laid on. I warily grabbed the tools we previously used. I looked over him. He looked calm. What a way to go into a world. Barely a minute of undisturbed calm before all this. I carefully used the retractors to open his eye. His small hands instantly went to touch the cold metal. Not too much success, as he was too weak. I took a few deep breaths before letting go of the retractors, which kept his eye open on its own, then using the flat metal to push a gap in between his eye and face. He instantly started crying and

screaming, obviously in pain. I dropped the chip in and quickly pulled everything away. I wrapped him up and cradled him, trying to calm him.

"It's okay buddy, I got you!" I said softly, letting his upset hand grab my finger. I smiled and pet him with the finger he held. He giggled at my actions, despite his lack of real vision. I set him down in the second room. Once I let go of him he frowned.

"I'll be back in a minute," I reassured him. He started tearing up. I couldn't leave him here. I picked him up and carried him in my hand while it was in my coat pocket. I pushed the button and all the doors opened. Tennis Ball and Golfball quickly walked out, meeting together to walk as they talked.

"Good morning you two!" I said happily.

"Good morning Doctor!" Tennis Ball said, Golfball smiled.

"I want you two to both go into the first room there, I'll take you." I lead them to the first room.

"See that door, you guys can open and go in yourself." Tennis Ball used his well-adapted foot to pull open the door. They both walked in talking again. I'm glad they got along. I pulled my hand out and looked at the Snowball. He frowned, trying to bite at my fingers.

"Oh let's get you some food buddy," I said taking him to my office. I grabbed three bags of the little clumps and opened one of the bags for Snowball. I put the food ball to his mouth. He held the sides with his hands and began eating. I couldn't let go of it though because his arms weren't strong enough to hold it. While he ate I thought of what other things I could get. I'd have to go to the store and maybe buy stuff for the project. And today I'll have Tennis Ball taught first, then Golfball, but I'd keep Tennis Ball in the room with questions to answer. Easy. Like my own little class. Snowball finished his food and started hitting my hand.

"Yes? What's wrong?" I asked. He looked up at me with shock.

"Yes!" He yelled.

"Yes Yes!" He cheered, hitting my hands more. Energetic one isn't he? It's cute. He laughed wildly, trying to bite my thumb through my glove. I guess he'd be perfect for strength because this was starting to hurt. I used my opposite hand to lift him off me and he yelled.

"Yes! Yes!" He cried, knowing no other words.

"No Snowball! You can't do that or I'm putting you in your room!" He instantly stopped and started tearing up.

"Wait no! It's alright." He grabbed my thumb and cried into it. I pet him gently.

"It's alright buddy," I said putting him back in my pocket with my hand. I brought the two food balls to Tennis Ball and Golfballs room.

"Hey, guys! I brought food!" I said opened the emergency door. Golfball was standing on top of Tennis Ball, and they both fell over.

"Oh?" I said confused. Golfball stood up.

"I wanted to see if we could be taller! It was working for a second..." she said. I handed them their food balls. They both used their feet to hold the balls of food. I love how well they've adapted.

"Tennis Ball after you finish you're doing more learning out in the lab," I said calmly as he ate.

"And after Golfball can come out and learn too." She smiled.

"Yay! Learning seems so fun!" She said happily. I'm glad she's excited. Tennis Ball quickly finished.

"Alright, I'm ready!" He said standing confidently. So I started my teaching again.

After finishing both of their lessons I gave them separate questions to work on. Golfball set down her pencil.

"Dr. Xavier? Why do you have your hand in your pocket?" Tennis Ball joined in.

"Yeah! You haven't taken it out all day!" I thought for a moment before pulling out my hand.

"Come over and see!" I said kneeling down. They both ran over and stared in awe at the little white ball sleepily clinging my thumb.

"It has arms!" Golfball said surprised. I chuckled.

"Yes, he came out differently than you two!" I said looking down at him.

"So when can we play with him?" Tennis Ball asked.

"I'd say a couple of days. He needs time to grow." They both groaned.

"But he's so different! I want to hang out with him now!" Golfball whined. They were all sure to be great friends.

"Yes yes, but he can't talk, or walk, so you can't." I said, slightly stern to make a point.

"Oh ok..." Golfball said, disappointed. I sighed and put my hand and Snowball in my pocket.

"You guys may go back to your rooms now." I said. They both left on their own and went into their room. I went to my office and used my one hand to open my files so I could fill out Snowballs page. Since learning they grow I avoid the height label on the chart. I write his name, gender, that he's effective, and made notes on his neediness and resorting to violence when he doesn't get what he wants. This was all very difficult with one hand but I had no guts to mess with the innocent soul in my pocket. I took the time to write more notes on Tennis Ball and Golfball. Tennis Ball and Golfball got along very well, even better than I'd hoped. Golfball seemed to be some type of leader, despite being both smaller and younger. Either that, or Tennis Ball simply didn't want to lead, or he let her lead. It's cute to see them be buddies. Hopefully, they'd get along with Snowball. I know the arm thing might make him an outlier. But they seemed interested. So I could only hope.

I went to the sleeping room and opened all the doors to put the sleeping ball in his room. I put him in the third room on the first row.

He clung to the grass in his sleep as I put him down in the room. The cutest little thing. I left the room to check on Tennis Ball and Golfball. They both seemed to be doing well. I didn't open any doors though so I had to assume by the occasional laughing I could hear. I gave them time to hang out while I continued to read over the overview packet I was supposed to finish at least 3 days ago. Yikes! It had a LOT of information. From smaller details like how the food they eat affects their overall performance to big things like how they can never know about what certain relationships are. I can't inform them about family bonds or romantic bonds. Easy enough. Good thing I knew that so I wouldn't use certain words or talk about my family in front of them. I pulled out my object files and started trying to make myself look busy. But my mind was kept on what I could use next for the project. Then I looked down at what I was holding. A pen. Perfect.

Before I left I gave Foster the pen and went on my way after putting the kids to bed. Some times I'm excited to work here. Of course, they might be taking more teeth. So I'll have to be ready to make everyone happy. Poor things.

Oh boy oh boy

Snowballs here and he's just a wee one aint he???

Nice little one he is

:•)

Small Struggles

I was quite content with myself this morning. I had a plan in my head as I drove to work. I had Golfballs day two education, teaching Snowball walking and talking, and general care for the pen that should be done when I get there. When I got there Dr. Foster was in the lab. I could hear small cries. They really liked to pick and choose when I had to do all the work. When I entered the workroom he was putting the retractors away with the rest of the tools for the tracking chip. He handed the towel wrapped child to me with a small smile. Looking under the towel I could see Pen got arms! I'm sure Fosters pleased with their streak of luck. I brought Pen with me to the sleeping rooms to let everyone out. I walked over and picked up Snowball, putting him in my pocket, leaving both my hands occupied. Tennis Ball went to see Golfball, who hadn't left her room.

"Golfball? Are you alright?" I could hear small whimpers from the room. I kneeled down, careful to keep Snowball safe. Golfball was curled up, holding in sobs.

"What's wrong Golfball!?" I asked calmly. She twisted to look at me.

"I got attacked! The mean one attacked me!" She cried. The only person who could've attacked her was Foster. How horrible.

"What did the mean one do?"I asked softly, trying to keep a calm tone. She stumbled out opening her mouth. One of her front teeth was missing, taken. Ah. I should've known he'd do that. I gently rested the towel on the floor and pet Golfballs head, trying to calm her. Tennis Ball stood over the towel.

"Another one!" He gasped happily. Golfball quickly ran over to join him.

"There is!" She said, instantly happy. I sighed, relieved she was quickly brought back by a new friend. I scooped Pen up into my free

arm.

"Alright, guys lets go. Tennis Balls off the hook today." He looked at me confused as we walked.

"Off the huh?" He asked. I forgot they don't know any lingo.

"It means you have no more work. Golfball has to work today and then she's also "off the hook"." I explained. Tennis Ball nodded.

"I see... WAIT! Is today the day we get to talk to Snowball?!" Tennis Ball asked, getting Golfball curious as well.

"Yup! The second day is the first day you can hang out. So no hanging out with Pen yet." There was a slight tinge of disappointment about Pen. Glad they were excited though.

"So I'll bring him over later!" I reassured them as we parted ways so they could go to their own room. I brought Snowball to the second room and he looked at me with newly opened eyes.

"Hi!" I said, so he'd recognize my voice.

"Hi." He said. My eyes widened at his voice. It was greatly deeper than yesterday. It started with the same, cutesy high pitched voice. Now he sounded more like a twelve-year-old with a sore throat. Crazy how they grow like that.

I taught Snowball talking for a good while, still shocked by his voice. Moving on to walking was a little harder since I had Pen too. So I set little Pen in Snowball's room for awhile while I helped with walking. I teach him, we do the last test. He tried to be speedy and tripped, slamming into the ground. He of course immediately started bawling. I picked him and up and cleaned him for a quick minute then set him down for the test again. This time he didn't show off and just walked over. I still lifted him up and congratulated him on his achievements.

I set him down in his own room alone so I could see the first interactions with the others later. First I brought Pen to my office for lunch. I brought the food ball to his mouth and he was quick to start eating. He was very cute. They were all cute. It was so nice to help them grow and learn. Pen quickly finished and grabbed my fingers,

making small noises as I let him move them around. I held my hand up as I walked out with more food for the others, letting Pen mess around. He squealed joyfully as I pushed one of my fingers done on him gently. Cute. I opened Snowballs room.

"Ready to go?" I asked calmly.

"Go where?" He asked picking at the grass.

"To see the others," I said pointing towards the other room. He peeked out towards it.

"Oh. Okay." He followed me over to the room. He hesitated to enter and I motioned that it was okay. He smiled and entered. I can only hope for the best. I gave them the food then I brought Pen with me to my office to take notes.

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Snowball walked into the room nervously. Tennis Ball and Golfball turned to him, looking away from the food they got.

"You're here! That's great!" She cheered. She ran up to Snowball, staring at his arms.

"I won't be able to stay long since I have learning later, but I'm excited to meet you!" She rambled. Snowball laughed nervously.

"Um... alright?" He said smiling nervously. Tennis Ball joined Golfball in front of Snowball.

"Remember, he doesn't know everything yet Golfball," He said towards Golfball. He then turned to Snowball.

"Nice to meet you Snowball! We were just about to eat. But I'm sure playing would be funner wouldn't it?" Snowball nodded shyly. Golfball piped up.

"Oh! We could do the stacking thing!" She proposed. Tennis Ball smiled and nodded and they both turned to Snowball. He twiddled with his fingers.

"Alright." They both cheered and they walked to the other side of the room.

"Alright! I got a plan! Snowball, you'll stand on Tennis Ball, and then you lift me up above you! Perfect plan!" She cheered. So Snowball carefully stood on top of Tennis Ball, before holding his hands out to lift Golfball up. He lifted her and put her on his head. She cheered happily, above it all. Snowball felt included in this bunch. It was nice to be accepted. Suddenly, a loud noise happened, that startled Tennis Ball. He stumbled, sending Golfball and Snowball to the ground. Snowball was quite disoriented, but Golfball giggled her heart out. Dr. Xavier had opened the large door.

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"Oh, I did it again! I'm sorry guys... I came to get Golfball for her learning time, sorry to mess up your thing again!" I apologized. Snowball seemed shaken up, but the others were quite fine.

"We're good!" Tennis Ball said smiling. Golfball stood up.

"Alright, I'm ready!" Golfball said, running out of the room. I waved goodbye to the others and left to teach Golfball. I had set Pen down in my office while I got Golfball, so while she went off to the area I taught her (a random space on the floor), I went to my office. Pen was sitting up, turning towards the sound of me entering.

"Sorry I left! I'm back now." I said scooping Pen up from my desk. He smiled.

"Is ok!" He said smiling. I smiled and brought him with me to where Golfball had already started reading.

"Oh is that the new one?!" She asked excitedly, seeing Pen trying to squirm from my hand.

"Yes, he is! This is Pen!" I said sitting Pen on the ground in front of her.

"Whys he so tall! It's not fair!" She whined. Which was reasonable. At

her full height Golfballs 3.1 inches tall. Pen, not fully grown, is already 5.3 inches tall. He's definitely gonna be one of the tallest.

"It's just how it is Golfball we can't stop it!" I explained picking Pen back up.

"It's not very fair..." she muttered, continuing her learning. After she finished she and her friends had lunch. I was worried why they didn't eat earlier but they explained that they were excited about Snowball. And Tennis Ball and Snowball decided not to eat till she got back. Glad to see them get along! Hopefully Pen not being a ball won't stop anything. But I don't think it will. And speaking of Pen I need more things to use for the project. Pen. Pens are... writing utensils? Like stationary? So I'll add a pencil and eraser to my list. Maybe other tools like that? Who knows. Probably other stuff I can find from the office supply store. I'll ask Foster about making them in bulk, which might help this go faster. I noticed how sleepy Pen was and decided to put him to bed, going to Foster's office before my own.

"Hello, I had a few questions." I said from his doorway. He looked at me with an lackluster expression.

"What is it?" They sounded slightly annoyed. I cleared my throat.

"I was thinking... if we perhaps put objects in your serum in bulk, we could speed up the process of making it to the quota of..." I didn't know the number, how flawed of me. He thought for a moment.

"The quota of 22 Xavier. And I have multiple vials of the serum so making them in bulk would be easy work. Just bring me the supplies when you have them." They explained in a cool manner. He seemed completely unfazed by anything and everything. As I walked out he spoke again.

"Oh, Dr. Xavier?" He said. I turned to look at him and he had a small smile on his face, but it seemed... malicious.

"I'll take care of weight training with the Snowball, starting tomorrow." They said, a tinge of anticipation in their voice. It sent chills down my spine. I had to follow his demands because they are my boss but I wanted to go against it. My gut told me they was

planning something vile. But I couldn't stop him. I nodded and left the room. I wanted to go home. I opened the emergency door on their room.

"It's time to go to bed, alright?" I hope they couldn't hear the nervousness in my voice. Golfball smiled.

"Ok!" She said happily and the boys followed close behind her out the door. They all chatted happily on their way to the rooms. I kept an eye on Snowball. He seemed genuinely happy so I was worried about what would happen tomorrow. But I can't stop Foster. I'll just have to hope Snowball is strong enough to overcome anything that happens.

They get along!!!

How cute eh?

Hah

:•)

Learn to be Strong

I spent my evening searching for more things. I found a red pin, a number 2 pencil, a pink eraser, a copper coin, and a sewing needle from a hotel sewing kit. I set them on my nightstand and went to bed. Or tried to. I felt nervous still, that horrible feeling that ruins my sleep. But I had to go to sleep. I had to go to work.

The morning was quick as I fell into the same routine. Except for this time I put all my new trinkets in my pocket before I left. When I got there I was anticipating something new or different but nothing had happened. Everything was the same. I nervously brought the items to Dr. Foster. They seemed the same. They took them silently and left his office to the lab. I decided to ignore him and move on then. I opened all the doors and let everyone walk out, grabbing Pen from his room. I left the others to go to their room on their own as I took Pen to his own room. On today's agenda was simple, the first day of learning for Snowball and walking and talking for Pen. So I started helping Pen.

It was quite an easy process to teach them talking, they caught on so fast. Pens voice got slightly deeper too. So I guess my shock about Snowball was just because it was a scratchy voice, compared to a deeper voice like Golfball and Tennis Ball. So maybe I overreacted. Walking went great as well. Taught him, did the test, cheered on his great work. He was happily enjoying himself.

"So now I'll bring you to the others, but I'll have to take one later for learning!" I explained before leading him to the room. After he went into the room I ran to my office and grabbed food for them all. When I opened the door they luckily weren't doing any stacking game with themselves like last time so I just gave them the food and left. They all seemed to be getting along well. After they finished I'd grab Snowball and bring him to learn and such. Right before I entered my office I caught something in the corner of my eye. A tv. Fosters tv in

fact. It hung on the wall and displayed... them. The subjects. Their room. He's been watching them? Did I not notice, or did he just start? I hope he isn't too hard on them. I went to my office and tried to find a page on special circumstance training but seemed to find nothing. Seems Fosters thinking out of the box. I don't like that. It's been a small while and I have to assume they're done. They eat quite fast. I opened the emergency door. They had been running around and immediately stopped to face me.

"Hey, Doc!" Golfball greeted me happily.

"Hey you guys, I need to grab Snowball for some learning time, you guys have fun!" I said letting Snowball leave the room and closing the door. Snowball settled himself down on the floor and fumbled with his hands nervously.

"Dr. Xavier?" His voice was deeper again. Weird. I kneeled down to his level.

"Is something wrong?"

"I don't want to do that training stuff." I thought for a moment. One of the others must have heard or read about it or something.

"I know it's different but you have to. I don't have a choice Snowball." He looked down nervously. I pet his head.

"It's alright buddy, I'm sure it won't be too bad." He looked up at me and smiled and we began working. It went as well as it could of, even if Snowball seemed tense. It seemed he remembered trauma from his first days. And since I'm nice and he saw when Golfball freaked out about Foster, he must assume Foster was the one who put the chip in. And I wasn't going to correct him. I have to keep a good bond with them. He finished slower than the others, he struggled a lot with the material. I just hope he gets better at this. As I walked him back to his room, the sound of footsteps stopped me.

"I'll take him now for the time being." Dr. Foster said calmly from behind me. I looked down at Snowball once more before picking him up and handing him Dr. Foster. It felt wrong. Swearing to protect them and then mindlessly giving him up to someone who doesn't

care.

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Dr. Foster brought Snowball to the metal table in the lab area. Snowball felt incredibly nervous. But Foster just went through their drawers and placed a black block in front of him.

"Why don't you try to lift that?" They said, a professional tone to his voice that Snowball has never heard. He let his hands find two grooves on the side of the block. He tried to lift it but found it too heavy.

"I can't do it." He said, stepping away from the weight. Foster frowned.

"Sure you can, try again." He said, slight annoyance in their voice. Snowball looked back at the weight and tried to lift it again. It was maybe slightly easier, but Snowball still couldn't lift it. Foster watched him struggle curiously.

"I know you things learn quickly, and that should go for physically as well, so we stay here until you lift it." They explained calmly. Snowball looked down at the weight. He didn't want to be here. He wanted to go back with his friends. So he would have to be better. He tried desperately to lift the box again, lifting it up to his chest. He stumbled back, the weight still to heavy to keep up. Realizing he would be crushed by the small weight, so with every bit of his strength, he shoved the weight off him. It slammed into the metal tables loudly. Snowball breathed heavily, still shocked. But when he looked up at Dr. Foster, they had no reaction. Why didn't they care? Snowball was confused. But obviously, that meant he was still going to keep lifting the cube. So he stood up and grabbed the cube again. He lifted it, successfully holding it off the ground.

After 17 more tries and 3 more near-death experiences, Snowball finally lifted the cube all the way above his head! He was overjoyed, finally lifting the stupid weighted cube. He dropped it in front of him, ready to go back to see his friends. Dr. Foster smiled.

"Well done. Now let's try this one." They said grabbing a small blue cube, placing it in front of Snowball. Snowball felt something within him, a new feeling. Not fear, or sadness. Anger. He was angry. He stomped his foot down.

"No! I won't do it!" He yelled up and Foster, who instantly lost any calmness in their face.

"What do you mean?" He asked coldly. Snowball stood his ground.

"I said I won't do it! I want to go right now! I don't want to lift another cube!" He yelled angrily. Foster smiled.

"I'll give you one more chance." He said smiling coldly. Snowball crossed his arms.

"I won't." He said through gritted teeth. Foster stopped smiling.

"Fine by me." He said calmly. He grabbed Snowball, holding him like a baseball. Snowball tried to squirm free, but Foster had a harsh grip on his whole body. He couldn't even yell for help, his mouth was covered. Foster opened the small upper compartment of their tall rooms. The punishment rooms, promptly named by Foster themself. They opened the small door and shoved Snowball in.

"We'll try again tomorrow." He said calmly, slamming the door on Snowball.

Snowball tried to adjust to the complete darkness. He'd never been in such darkness before. He crawled around nervously, trying to figure out his surroundings. He tore out the grass and crawled around more, becoming more afraid by the second. He started crying, trying to find the door against the dark walls. Eventually, he gave up, he couldn't escape, he wasn't strong enough. He crawled to another wall, to find a horrid amount of weird stuff on the wall. It was only shrubbery of course, but Snowball has no idea. He found weird growths on it, ball-shaped. They were berries. He assumed it was more food balls, and he loved those. He pulled one off and bit into it and instantly spit it out. It was slightly sweet but way too bitter for him to enjoy. He sighed, finding the wall again where the door was. He wanted to be

out. He'd listen, he'd do whatever Foster wanted, but he couldn't take it back. So he lied on the grass and cried. He cried, hoping Xavier would bring him to his room. But as he lied there, he realized no one was going to come to get him, he was stuck there. And he just had to stay in utter darkness. And cry himself to sleep.

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I walked to the lab, having already put the others to bed. But looking into the lab where Snowball should've been, but no one was there. I peeked into Dr. Foster's office.

"Um... Dr.Foster?" I spoke up quietly. He turned to me.

"Yes? Do you need something?" They asked quietly. I stood straight.

"I- Where is Snowball now?" I said, trying not to sound demanding. He narrowed his eyes.

"Don't worry, he's been taken care of." Is all he said. I opened my mouth to pry further into his whereabouts but decided to keep my mouth shut. No point getting yelled at for prying. I was worried about Snowball, but I'd have to hope that he was okay. No way they'd just kill him... Right? No. No! He wouldn't do that. I hope he wouldn't do that. I decided to head home, most of my work done. The drive home was a blur, I was too worried. But he would've told me if he died. I know he would... but I don't know do I. All I can hope is that he's okay.

Oh no :•(

But I'm sure it's fine

Hah

:•)

The Evil

I woke up, mentally preparing to care for five new objects, as well as more learning for Snowball and starting learning for Pen. Maybe I'm in over my head. But it's kinda too late now. I got ready swiftly and left my house, ready to take in the new objects. When I got there I could hear a slue of crying mixed with squeals. They really grabbed them out all at once? Crazy man. I walked into the lab and watched him wrap them all in one towel, handing them off to me.

"They're all ready, do what you please." He said, walking past me back to his office. I opened the towel and watched the small objects climb over each other like puppies. They all miraculously had arms! Considering the first two were armless, I didn't expect such an armed outcome. I took the five to one of the rooms and placed them all down in it. They instantly were crawling around and grabbing at each other to play. Thankfully they aren't as clingy as Snowball, I only have two pockets- SNOWBALL! I closed the emergency door calmly and went to their rooms. I slammed the button to open the doors. Golfball, Tennis Ball, and Pen walked out. But Snowball wasn't there. I left them to walk to their compartment and went to Foster's doorway.

"Um, Dr.Foster, where is Snowball? He isn't in his sleeping room." Dr. Foster turned to me.

"The punishment room above compartment one. Also, bring him back over to me in the lab after you're done with his education today, we're not done." I nodded and turned away. I couldn't believe it. Poor boy. I went to where the room above the other room was, quickly opening the door. The darkroom filled with light as Snowball quickly awoke.

"Dr. Xavier!" He cried, jumping out into my hands. He hugged around my fingers.

"I don't wanna go back, Xavier! It's too scary!" He cried into my hand. I felt horrible. Mainly because I would hand him off to Foster in a couple of hours. I just pet him as I brought him to his room. Everyone stared curiously as I set him down. He wiped his tears and quickly began chatting again. Glad to see him back on his feet. Until I let Foster mess with him again.

I'll... um... be back later with lunch." I said quietly, closing the door and going to the room next door. I opened the door and none of the kids reacted. They were just climbing over each other and giggling, obviously not too aware of many things in their lives yet. I scooped them all up at once and brought them to my office. I set them down and grabbed my papers to write done what I could. I inspected all their mouths. Pin, Pencil, and Needle, were girls, and Eraser and Copper Coin were boys. Easy enough. I used my arm to push them away from the edge and one cried. I looked down and Pencil had started bawling, obviously out of a disturbance. I picked her up and found a small hole in her side. I comforted her the best I could. I tried to figure out how she got it, then I realized she was next to Pin's point. I lied Pencil back down and grabbed Pin and Needle. They both didn't struggle and I brought them to Dr. Foster's office. They turned to me and sighed.

"What now?" He asked, annoyance in his voice. I tried to stand straight.

"U-Um Pin and Needles point is a danger to the o-others, do we have a way to f-fix that?" I asked, trying to keep my voice steady but kept stuttering. Foster thought for a moment, before opening a drawer on his desk and rummaging through it. He pulled out a small roll of black electrical tape. He held it out so I grabbed it.

"Wrap it over the point, it should help for now. Tomorrow we'll just file down the point." I felt my throat tighten. I really don't want to do that. It's probably like filing down teeth. And the thought made me shiver. But I just nodded.

"Alright, sir. Will do." I muttered, leaving his office. I sighed, thinking of how upset they'll be when it happens. I heard a small thud, and then crying in my office. Oh no. I left the others alone on the table! I ran in and could see that Eraser had fallen on the ground. He cried,

trying to use his hands to help himself up but he was stuck on his back. I quickly set Pin and Needle down and grabbed Eraser off the ground. I cradled him in my hands and shushed him quietly.

"It's okay now. I promise." I said softly, petting him. He calmed himself down and I set him down on the desk and grabbed the electrical tape. I grabbed Pin and began wrapping a small bit around her point. She seemed upset by it, grabbing at it, trying to take it off. I finished Needles and moved Pin's small hands from her point.

"Please don't touch it Pin." She frowned but didn't grab at it again. I moved to my tall shelf and grabbed nine small packs of food. Nine? That's so many. I wonder how many more will be here. I unpacked five of them and helped them eat one by one. After finally feeding them all I took them to the room next to the other room and left for their lunch. I opened the emergency door and they all looked up at me happily.

"Hey, Dr. Xavier!" Golfball said happily. I leaned down with the food and handed it out to everyone. They all began eating.

"So today Pen and Snowball are doing learning. Golfball and Tennis Ball, you guys can do whatever you please." Golfball frowned.

"I want to read more! I have nothing to do!" She whined. I thought for a moment. I swore I saw something about books in the overview packet.

"I'll look into some entertainment for you guys later. Now since you guys are so fast let's start, follow me, you guys!" I said motioning for Pen and Snowball to follow me. Pen seemed eager to start, but Snowball seemed jittery and nervous. Not that I could blame him. We all sat down and started. Pen didn't do well at first, but after a little, he caught on and did great. Snowballs still struggling to catch on. And it's not like he wasn't trying, he seemed to be trying his absolute hardest, but he'd get really frustrated about not getting it. I didn't stress it though. Why do they need an education anyway? They had both finished and calmly talked with each other when Foster approached behind me.

"I'll be taking the snowball if it's done." I looked down at Snowball, he

looked up at me fearfully. But I couldn't go against Foster.

"Yes. He's done." I muttered. Foster slipped past me and grabbed Snowball. They was so aggressive with him. He held them like he was preparing to throw him at the wall, harsh grip. I watched them walk off with Snowball, I hope he doesn't get in trouble this time.

- - -

Dr. Foster dropped Snowball on the metal table. Snowball cowered at their every move. Dr. Foster turned and dropped the blue weight in front of him.

"You know the drill." He said coldly, he had dropped the professional facade. Snowball reluctantly began.

It was quite a while of silent training, Foster simply watching on as Snowball struggled with each new and heavier weight. When finally, he lifted the heaviest one, which was 5 pounds. Snowball successfully lifted the cube after many attempts. He yelled, slamming it down on the metal table. Foster put the weight away.

"Well done. If I find any more use for you I'll bring you back here. Don't give me a reason." He said, grabbing Snowball again and bring him to his room and shoving him in.

Snowball sat up shakily, hurt from the fall. His friends surrounded him.

"Are you okay Snowball?" Golfball asked him quietly. He sat silent.

"He looks okay." Pen said, inspecting his cowering demeanor.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Snowball said coldly.

"You don't seem fine." Golfball said, standing closely behind him. He pulled his knees to his chest.

"Well, I am." He said.

"It's okay to not be okay, you can tell us!" Tennis Ball reassured him. Snowball clenched his fists.

"But I'm fine so don't bother." He muttered. Golfball looked over his shoulder.

"Come one Snowball! We can help you." She said happily. Snowball clenched his teeth.

"I said I'm FINE!" He yelled, standing up and slamming his fist back. He immediately heard a cracking noise on impact, as well as pain on his hand. He spun around, backing away from Golfball. She stared at him with a blank expression, a small crack sprawling across her face. And then, she started bawling. Snowball felt another new feeling. He didn't know what it was but it made him feel sick. Pen quickly backed away to a wall and Tennis Ball looked around for help. He saw the small red button next to the door and pressed it, yelling into the speaker above.

- - -

A light flashed on the metal indication wall. It was coming from the first room, was it an accident? But the speaker sputtered to life.

"HELP! HE-SHE-SNOWBALL-" a familiar voice yelled through the speaker. It seemed they didn't know what the button did. The message cut out spastically as if they were hitting the button repeatedly instead of holding it down. I instantly shot up and ran to their room, opening the emergency door. Golfball wailed loudly, a nervous Tennis Ball slamming the button on the wall and yelling. Snowball stared at her from a corner, he looked like he was frozen with fear. I grabbed Snowball and Golfball and left the other two alone in the room.

I brought Snowball and Golf Ball to my office, setting them both down. I quickly grabbed my overview, trying to remember what page had the treatment for injuries. I found it, and tried to skim over it. It says I can use some of the liquid Foster made to make them and put it on the wound. Then I just let them sleep with it on and wipe it off

the next morning. Easy enough. I held Golfball and tried to comfort her, but she seemed completely in pain.

I brought her to the lab and set her on the table. I turned from her and opened the fridge, grabbing one of the vials. I set it on the table next to her and opened it. I was wearing gloves so I didn't actually touch it, but I could feel how liquidy and gross it was. Golfball still cried as I rubbed the green liquid on the crack across her face, still trying to soothe her.

"See! I'm gonna make it all better! Please don't cry!" I pleaded quietly. She tried to stop herself from crying.

"Alright, what happened?" I asked as if it wasn't clear what happened.

"Snowball hit me! I just wanted to help him!" She cried. I pet her.

"Maybe you should go to bed, you'll be better by morning, I promise." Golfball sniffled.

"A-Alright." She replied quietly. I sighed and carried her to her room. Afterward, I went back to my office, Snowball sat on my desk quietly. I sat at my chair in front of him.

"Snowball-" he instantly started crying his heart out.

"I DIDN'T MEAN TO! I-I JUST DIDN'T WANT THEM TO TALK TO ME A-AND I'M SORRY!" He cried out in a jumbled mess. I went to pet him and he grabbed my finger.

"PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME GO BACK IN THE ROOM! I CAN'T GO BACK THERE IT'S SO SCARY!" He yelled, crying more. I picked him up and pet him.

"Of course I won't do that Snowball, I know you don't like it, maybe you should get some rest," I said bringing him to the sleeping rooms. I'd bring the others in after. But I was worried about Snowball. Maybe he didn't mean it. But it's obvious this "training" is not good for him, he doesn't know his own strength. I hope he'll get better.

I DID take long

Hah

Probably won't take that long in the future but who knows

Hah

:•)

To Have So Many Friends

It's been about a week now. I worked every day of the week, which I found upsetting. But I didn't ever want those kids alone with Foster. Never.

The first group of kids has done all the learning process and I even made another bunch of objects. I got a lemon leaf, a building block, a sponge, an ice cube, and a small piece of balsa wood. They were on their third day alive as of today. I waited until the first bunch was done with everything because there was no way I could raise ten of them at once.

I arrived at the lab as I do every day. I wonder when I'll get used to it. I walked in, still piecing a plan for Snowball together. Because since what happened with Golfball he's refused to interact with anyone. He has a whole room to himself. It was depressing. But I have a plan. I am going to introduce him to Ice Cube. Which seems bad, assigning him a friend. But I can't let him be alone. And Ice Cubes cold, so I have a reason to believe they'd get along. I set all my stuff down on my desk. I went to the sleeping rooms and opened all the doors. It felt so alive, watching all fourteen of them run out and start to talk to each other as they walk to their rooms. Except for Snowball, who waits for everyone to leave and then goes. Poor boy.

"Good morning Dr. Xavier!" Leaf said happily, walking with some of her friends. I waved at her.

"Good morning guys!" I said watching her walk into the third room with her friends. They were quite split up, but eventually, I'll put them closer together, the rooms are surely big enough for it. I caught a quick glimpse
of Pin and Needle. I felt bad. When Foster filed down their point I made excuses not to do it. But their screams were inescapable. I hated that it happened. As I walked back to my office Foster called

out to me.

"Dr. Xavier? A moment." I nervously stepped into his office.

"Yes?" I asked nervously. They never had good news. They picked up a small surgical needle.

"I have made a new... mixture. You see, the leaf is very promising. But I've noticed it has some... jealous tendencies. And it may get angry quickly very fast. So this little thing will fix it. You'll give this to it. It'll calm it down. It's new, so you'll also need to record if there are any... side effects. Now off to your work." I stood silently and walked out. Of course, they aren't good enough. Leaf is a nice and normal girl and she has reason to be the target of his experiments. But there was nothing I could do.

After everyone was given lunch and the second batch finished their first day of learning, I decided to start my plan. I opened the door to room 3.

"Hey, guys!" I said happily. They all looked up excitedly.

"Hello, Dr. Xavier! How is your day going?" Leaf asked. I felt so bad for her.

"Great Leaf! I came here to grab Ice Cube for a little while! She'll be back though." Ice Cube smiled and ran over and climbed on my hand.

"Where am I going, Dr. Xavier?" Ice Cube asked curiously.

"To the room next to yours. There's someone there I want you to meet! He has no friends so please be nice." I asked her. She nodded and I opened Snowballs door. I silently set her down and closed the door. I hope it goes well.

- - -

Ice Cube looked around at the identical room, before training her eyes on Snowball. He stared at her nervously.

"Hello." She said softly, approaching him. He pushed himself back a little, still startled. She stared at him innocently.

"H-Hi." He muttered quietly. She turned away and went to the end of the room. Dr. Foster introduced book carts earlier that week. Ice Cube grabbed one of the small books off the shelf and pulled it over to Snowball.

"I really like this book." She said. It was a picture book, made for beginners.

"Oh, I'm not very good at reading." Ice Cube smiled, opening the book.

"I can read it to you." And he didn't object. She read the whole book to him in her delicate voice. He listened calmly, he enjoyed being read to more than reading it himself. She finished, closing the book.

"How was that?" She asked. He smiled.

"I really liked it. Do you think those are real?" He asked, pointing at the books cover.

"What? The caterpillar? No way. It's way too scary to be real." Snowball nodded.

"I guess that makes sense." He said staring at the colorful cover. He looked over at Ice Cube, she smiled. He smiled back. He liked having friends. But what if he hurt her? He didn't want to hurt her. He didn't want to hurt anyone again. She pushed herself next to him.

"Oh! You're cold!" She exclaimed. He put a hand on her head.

"So are you!" He said laughing. She smiled and leaned against him.

"So we're like even better friends then!" She said. He smiled.

"I guess we are!" He said happily. They spent quite a while talking about the children's book before Xavier took Ice Cube away back to her room. And Snowball was alone again. Ice Cube sat happily in Xavier's hands.

"Did you have fun? How was he?" He asked Ice Cube. She smiled.

"Oh, it was very fun! Snowballs really nice!" She said a big smile on her face.

- - -

Seeing Ice Cubes ecstatic answers made me happy. It was obvious my plan was working and I was glad. Even if it was a mandated friend at least she was happy. I brought her back to her room and left her to her friends. I spent the rest of my day doing busywork, just trying to wait until I could go home. I thought more on my plan, if Snowball and Ice Cube get along well enough, maybe I could put Snowball in the same compartment as her! It would be great! I've been fearing that if he kept being so anti-social he'd be labeled defective.

I put everyone to bed and went home myself, already tired by the time I got back. I really wanted to sleep but I had to keep up a conversation with a Teressa. She was so curious about the little ones. But a lot of them were in pain, I couldn't tell her I'm apart of that... so I told her she could get pictures some other time. But how would I explain the blunt points and missing teeth? She'd think I'm horrible. So I just tried to sleep my worries away.

I awoke with dread. I loved the kids, don't get me wrong, but having to see what's done to them hurt me. Mainly because I couldn't do anything to help them.

I walked into the bland building and walking into my office. Even with my familiar scattered papers and mugs, it felt so weird being here.

"Dr.Xavier. Can you come here?" Foster asked from his office. Not again. I walked in silently.

"When you get them all out, bring the sponge, the ice cube, and the leaf." He said, turning away. They wouldn't even dismiss me, crude. I walked silently and opened all their doors. I avoided their eyes as they walked out, and it was clear they could see I was upset. I did,

however, stop Ice Cube, Sponge, and Leaf. While their pals went into their rooms, I lead them to the lab. Dr. Foster put down the pliers they was holding.

"Hand me the defectives and bring the leaf to your office, the needles on your desk." I nodded and handed off Ice Cube and Sponge, avoiding their eyes. I brought Leaf to my office.

"Why's Needle in your office?" I didn't respond.

"...Did I do something wrong?" I sighed.

"No Leaf you're fine. It's just some things that are hard to do." She smiled.

"Well, I think you'll do great Dr. Xavier." I couldn't respond. I sat her on the desk and grabbed my overview. It seems I inject it in the underneath of her tongue. I picked up the needle and let some of the medication loose, to get rid of air bubbles. Leaf watched quietly.

"Open your mouth Leaf," I asked politely. She opened her mouth wide, and I used a small wooden toothpick to push up her tongue. I injected the needle and released its contents into her tongue. I pulled out the needle and she stumbled back, hands over her mouth.

"Ow! That hurt! Why'd you do that for?!" She cried, her words slurred.

"It's because you're... sick! And I need to give you this medicine every day to keep you better." Leaf thought for a moment.

"Okay... but that really hurt!" I picked her up and pet her.

"I know... let's get you back to your room then." As I brought her out we could hear the cries of the others from the lab. Leaf scrambled to the edge of my hand.

"What's happening?" She asked nervously.

"Nothing for you to worry about, don't worry."

"But I AM worried! Why are they yelling?" I pat her head.

"They'll be okay... I promise." I whispered to her as I put her at her room's door. She nodded and stepped into her room. I felt bad telling her not to worry. She surely should, as Foster was ripping teeth from her friend's mouths. But I couldn't tell her that. I soon grabbed the others from Foster and comforted them before letting them go back to their rooms. Then we went about the usual routine. They all had lunch then the newest batch had the second day of learning. The armless ones had way more trouble writing then Golfball and Tennis Ball, so their handwriting was sloppy, but it was amazing to see them write at all. Then I sent Ice Cube to Snowballs room again. She was more upset today, but maybe Snowball can help.

- - -

Snowball watched Ice Cube walk in with a smile, before seeing her distraught state. He quickly ran to her side.

"Are you okay? What happened?" She opened her mouth to show him the missing tooth. He, of course, recognized it from what happened to both Tennis Ball and Golfball. And he was angry.

"This was that other doctor wasn't it? The one with the blue body?" He asked, unaware of what clothes are. Ice Cube nodded, tearing up. Snowball tried to comfort her. He hated that doctor. He was evil.

"I won't let him hurt you again. Say, why don't you stay here! With me! I'll protect you!" He told her excitedly. She looked at him with guilt.

"Oh, I couldn't do that Snowball! I have friends in my room! So why don't you come to my room?" Ice Cube offered with a nice smile. Snowball looked away.

"I don't know any of your friends. I don't want to be around them." He said angrily. He didn't like whoever Ice Cube was with. They were probably bad since they didn't protect her. Ice Cube frowned.

"Oh... well I have to go back Snowball, they're my friends..." Ice Cube muttered sadly. Snowball sighed and changed the topic. He didn't like

being alone. But he'd rather be alone and safe than with bad people.

Remember when I said it wouldn't take a week???

I was wrong I guess 😓😓

I suppose I overestimated my writing capabilities

Since Survives chapters were only 900 words

So yeah haha

:•)

The Tiniest Lies

It's been a couple of days since Leaf began her treatment. The side effects were... there. Not too obvious to any normal person but if you watched you'd see it. She's gotten incredibly tired, which I traced back to insomnia. She's lost extreme joy, she barely smiles now. But as Foster wanted, she's never angry or upset at all, ever. It hurt to see her lose her joy, but I can't intervene. Today I have only three new ones. A flower, a small rock, and a match. Easy. I walked into the lab quietly, setting all my stuff in the office. By the sounds of it, I'm fixing all of them up on my own.

I walked to the lab quietly, opening the fridge and taking out the three vials. The rock was missing arms. The Flower was missing a petal and an eye. Shame. But the match was fine. I sighed and pulled out the red tape.

I pulled all three out and dried them off, then lied them on the towel. I grabbed out the tools for the tracker and began my process. The ones with arms always hurt more. As if the crying wasn't enough. Their little hands would try to find what was hurting them. And sometimes they'd grab at my hand, which even through my glove, made it hurt more. I comforted all of them, gave Flower and Rock red tape, and put them in their own room. Now to get everyone else out. I went to the sleeping room and opened all the doors.

"Morning Xavier, Is it time for my medicine?" I hesitated at Leaf's nervous question.

"Yes, we'll do that soon." I said calmly, watching everyone go to their room. I could see that Snowball would watch Ice Cube go to her room. I guess I have work to do. I brought Leaf to my office and grabbed the solution Foster left for me. I used my needle and pulled some of the solution into the needle. Leaf sat nervously, trying to keep calm. She didn't like this, I could see it. It hurt her physically,

and mentally. I hated it. But I have her open her mouth anyway. She coughs and cries, but doesn't comment on how much it hurts. I sent her back and sat at my desk. How much longer would I do this?

- - -

Leaf walked quietly into her room.

"There she is!" Building Block said, watching her walk in. She gave him a weak smile. She quickly sat down and closed her eyes.

"Are you sure that medicines working? You seem worse..." Building Block said sitting next to her. Wood sat near her too.

"Yeah. You sure look tired..." Wood said.

"Nah. I just didn't get any sleep last night. I'm sure the medicine will make sure I'm better!" She said weakly. Ice Cube approached as well.

"Yeah, guys. If Xavier said the medicine will help her we have to trust him!" Building Block turned to Ice Cube.

"And you trust him putting you in a room with that Snowball guy?" He asked skeptically. Ice Cube scoffed.

"I'll have you know Snowball is very nice and my friend!" She yelled. Block raised a brow.

"I don't trust him. And neither should you after what he did! He's scary." Ice Cube looked at him cautiously.

"W-What do you mean? What'd he do?" Block groaned.

"Well. One of the first ones, Golfball, said he hit her so hard her face shattered!" Block said, making exaggerated motions with his hands. Ice Cube thought about it. To her, Snowball could never, would never.

"I don't think he'd do that!" Ice Cube defended. Leaf raised a hand meekly.

"Please don't fight guys!" She pleaded tiredly. Block backed away.

"Fine. Just ask him then." He said calmly, turning to talk with the rest of the things in the room. It made Ice Cube nervous. Snowball wouldn't, would he? She contemplated it on her own until Dr. Xavier came to get her.

"Remember to ask him!" Block yelled as she left.

"What's he on about?" Xavier asked, kneeling next to Snowball's room.

"Um... nothing." Xavier raised an eyebrow, then shrugged.

"I won't push you! Have fun." He said, putting Ice Cube in the room. She looked at Snowball nervously.

"Hey Ice-"

"I have a question!" She blurted out. Snowball drew a blank.

"I...um...sure?" He answered nervously.

"Did you hit Golfball?" She asked quietly. Snowball stood silent. He couldn't tell her that. She'd hate him. He needed her.

"...No." He said quietly.

"Are you lying to me?" Ice Cube asked, her voice becoming strained, bordering on tears. He was afraid.

"No! I didn't hurt anyone!" He yelled defensively. Ice Cube cowered at his yelling. He instantly ran up to her.

"I'm sorry I didn't mean to yell!" He apologized quickly. Ice Cube smiled.

"No, it's fine! I'm sorry I bothered you." She pushed herself against him affectionately. He felt glad she doesn't hate him. But he felt weird lying about it. But better she is his friend. Lies or not.

They talked and enjoyed the self for the time they had until Xavier

took Ice Cube back to her room.

"Welcome back! How'd it go?" Block asked confidently. Ice Cube groaned.

"I'll have you know he said he didn't do it!" She said, standing proudly.

"And if he's lying?" Block asked skeptically.

"I know he wouldn't lie to me!" She yelled. Leaf stood between them.

"No more fighting! Let's just calm
down and not fight anyone!" Block backed away from Ice Cube. Ice Cube shuffled away to a corner, trying to be comfy on the grass. Wood approached her.

"Are you okay?" He asked in a whisper. Ice Cube sighed.

"I don't get why he doesn't believe me! Snowballs super nice, he wouldn't do those mean things!" She ranted to Wood.

"I'm sure Block just doesn't understand! He'll come around." He reassured her. Ice Cube just nodded.

"Hey, guys want to play a game with us?" Leaf asked. Wood smiled and joined them, so Ice Cube did as well.

"Tennis Ball told me about this fun game they play! They all try to stack on top of each other and reach as high as they can!" Leaf explained to her friends. Everyone was excited to try. Sponge stood on bottom, Block standing on top of him.

"Sponge isn't very sturdy." Block warned.

"I'm sure it's fine." Wood said, helping Ice Cube onto Block's head. He then climbed onto Ice Cubes head, helping Leaf onto his head.

"Wow were so high up!" Leaf exclaimed excitedly. Block felt his balance slipping.

"You guys I don't think I can stand-" Block tumbled backward, Sponge

groaned in pain. They all slammed into the ground. Ice Cube squealed as she slammed into the grass. Everyone quickly got to their senses and went to help Ice Cube, even Block. Ice Cube cried as they examined the shatter across her back.

"Call Dr.Xavier!" Block yelled, laying Ice Cube on his lap. Leaf quickly slammed her hand on the button near the door and yelled for help into it nervously. In a couple of seconds, the tall wall opened and Xavier peered in.

"Oh no! What happened?!" He asked anxiously.

"We were doing the stacking thing! And then Ice Cube fell! Her back is all gone!" Block muttered quickly. Xavier picked up her small body as she cried in pain.

"She'll be alright! I'll bring her back tomorrow!" He reassured. Xavier closed the door and brought Ice Cube to the lab. He pulled out a vile and began smearing the cool gel on her wounds.

"You're glad we have this goo Ice Cube! You could've been seriously hurt!" He warned her. She sat quietly.

"Have you used this goo before?" She asked quietly.

"Yes. Once before-" she instantly cut him off.

"On Golfball?!" She yelled jumping up. Xavier chuckled nervously.

"Yes, why-" she shakily cut him off again.

"Because Snowball hit her?" She asked, her voice a weak whisper. Xavier stared sympathetically.

"Yes, how come Ice Cube? Is something wrong?" He technically wasn't allowed to answer questions like that.

"No, nothing's wrong." She said with a weak voice. He also wasn't allowed to pry. So he nodded and put her in her bedroom, going on with his day. Ice Cube lied on her grass, the white lights calming her perfectly, despite the pain. She felt hurt, not just physically. Snowball LIED to her! No one ever lied to her. She thought Snowball could

trust her. But he couldn't and tomorrow she'd tell him how he felt about that.

She awoke at the sound of chattering friends and the bright light hitting her face. She stood and walked out, catching up with her friends.

"Morning Ice Cube! How's your back?" Leaf asked. Block slowed down to be behind her.

"Looks better to me!" Block said, inspecting her back.

"She is doing better so I need to wipe off the goo, so she and Leaf can come with me!" Xavier said, leaning down and putting his hand out. Leaf ushered Ice Cube onto Xaviers hand with her. Leaf seemed completely content with what happened to her, but Ice Cube always felt uneasy by what happened to everyone. Not that Leaf has had teeth ripped out. Xavier set Leaf down at his desk and then brought Ice Cube to the lab. She sat mindlessly on the cold table, feeling the goo being wiped from her back with cold water.

"There! All better! I'll come back to get you when you go to Snowball's room!" He said carrying her to her room. She nodded quietly, being set on the grass. As she listened to the door close behind her, everyone approached.

"Wow! That stuff really fixed you up!" Wood said, rubbing his hand over her back, not feeling a scratch. She forced a small smile.

"Yup! It's kinda cool." Ice Cube couldn't care less. She really needed to see Snowball. She really needed to yell at him. So she kept to herself, thinking of what she'd say to that liar. And finally, the moment had arrived.

"Time to go!" Everyone waved as she was taken to Snowball's room, she was already fueled to talk.

"I'll be back to get you later." He said closing the door. Snowball stood to greet her.

"I heard you got hurt, are you alright-"

"You LIED to me!" Ice Cube yelled. Snowball stumbled back.

"What?" He asked. She gritted her teeth. For all she knows. This is the first time anyone ever has lied to her.

"You told me you didn't hurt Golfball! And you did! Dr.Xavier told me so!" She yelled, anger rising.

"Ice Cube I'm sorry I didn't tell you I just-" he struggled to defend himself because Ice Cube wasn't having it.

"But you lied! Lying is bad! And you lied to me! You're bad Snowball!" She ranted angrily, walking over and slamming her foot on the button. Snowball stood frozen.

"Ice Cube no! I'm not a bad guy!" He yelled frantically, he didn't want to be a bad guy.

"Dr.Xavier I want to leave! Right now!" She yelled into the small speaker.

"Please Ice Cube!" She turned away from him.

"No! I don't want to be near a liar! No wonder you have no friends." Snowball dropped to his knees, feeling himself shake. The large door opened and Xavier peeked in.

"Ice Cube? You want to go?" They asked nervously. Ice Cube stepped out.

"Yes." She said coldly. Xavier stared at Snowball for a second, before closing the door. Snowball looked down at the grass with a shaky breath, and he started crying. He was alone. Ice Cube was right. No one likes him. Everyone must think he's evil. And there's nothing he can do to stop it.

Omg

More angst

Hehe

Jk I never write anything emotional ever

Only joy here

:•)

New Discoveries

I've been looking deeper into the goo Foster made. It seems I could possibly handle many different things without ruining it. Like water. Which gave me a wonderful idea. Walking into the office I set down my stuff. It's been a couple of days since I started research so the new batch was already on their second education day. But Rock was concerning. He took longer with walking, can barely read, and can't write at all. And he hasn't matured in the slightest. He's like a child, compared to the others at least. Even with the emotional states they have, they can comprehend and have conversations, and Rock can't. Foster eventually caught on and has been messing with Rock. Poor boy.

I entered the lab, water bottle in hand. I pulled out one of the large tubes of goo and placed in on the metal table. I pried open the top and opened the bottle. I poured in a drop. Like oil with water, they didn't mix. I poured in more, until it was about the size they should be. Not that the goo wouldn't shrink it, and then grow over time. I watched the water blob slowly move as one in the solution. It'd hopefully come together overnight. I set the vial in the fridge and went about my day. Open the doors. Give Leaf medicine. Write down new side effects: self-isolation, quietness, low attention span.

She was just getting worse. Sure, she never got angry or emotional. But she didn't show anything else. Her positivity seemed forced. But I sent her off to her room anyway. I sighed, slouching in my chair. If she wasn't what Foster wanted, she'd surely be defective.

"Xavier," Foster said sternly. I swiveled in my chair to look at them.

"Yes?" He pulled out some papers and handed them to me. They detailed challenges to test the objects.

"I can't test their true abilities unless they can be tested properly. Some of the supplies will be here tomorrow. I want you to pick them

up on your way in. I expect you to set it up and then I'll perform the tests. You will be with me to take notes. I'll let you take over after one week." I sat silent, talking in the information. I had some worry that these tests wouldn't be friendly.

"Of course, I'm ready," I responded with fake confidence. Of course, I wasn't ready. After he left I brought everyone their lunches. I sat at my desk trying to focus. But I kept thinking about the water creature hopefully forming. If you could put water, that meant you must be able to put water-based things right? Like... bubbles? Sure. I'd buy some and try it tomorrow. My thoughts were distracted by a squeal from my mic wall.

"HELP! My heads all hot and scary!" Match's voice screamed through the speaker. I quickly stood and opened the wall to her room. She cried, her top on fire. I grabbed her delicately and blew it out, her friends watched in amazement. The damage was limited but she was effective, so I'd have to fix her.

"I'll bring her back tomorrow," I told the other, which meant her education was delayed. Shame.

"Is she okay?" Flower asked me.

"Of course! Just a little injury, not to bad." Rock watched silently.

"You okay Rock?" I asked him. He looked up at me and smiled, giving a reaffirming hum. No talking. I sighed and closed the door, bringing Match to the lab. I opened the fridge, the water blob catching my eye. Could... fire work? Surely. Maybe? I'll bring my matchbox tomorrow. I grabbed an empty vile and opened it, letting the liquidy light green goo coat my fingers. I rubbed it on the burnt part of her head.

"What are you doing?" She asked hesitantly. I finished, wiping it from my hands.

"It fixes your wounds," I said calmly, picking her back up. She seemed content. I put her in her room and brought out Flower and Rock for learning. Flower did very well, at least for missing an eye. But Rock...still wasn't catching on. He got distracted by the pretty

pictures in the book, and he couldn't even draw a slightly straight line. It worried me. But I continued on, trying to help Rock along the way. After I was finished I went to Ice Cubes room to grab her, hoping she was over the drama.

"Hey Ice Cube. Do you wanna-" Her smile dropped in a second.

"No! I don't wanna go!" She yelled defensively. I sighed.

"It's alright you don't have to..." I said quietly, closing the door.

- - -

"What was that about?" Block asked watching Ice Cube storm off. He turned to Leaf. She stared off, absent from the conversation.

"Leaf?" He asked, waving a hand in front of her face. She blinked back in.

"Oh! I'm sorry what did you say?" She asked quietly. He sighed.

"No it's alright I'll go ask her myself." He said beginning to walk over to Ice Cube. He sat next to her.

"What happened to your friend?" He asked almost mockingly. But he stopped as she teared up.

"You were right Block! He was mean..." She sputtered quietly.

"Ah. Well, don't worry about it! You still have us!" He reassured her with a smile. She smiled.

"Well I'm glad for that, but I liked hanging out with him. It's a shame he's like that..." she seemed more upset than angry.

"Don't worry about him now! Why don't we go read something?" Block offered, standing up. Ice Cube smiled and stood, joining him to enjoy activities.

Snowball sat silent, staring at the grass. This was about the time Ice Cube came by. He knew because he got giddy like his body knew it was time. And he hoped and kept thinking of apologies he could give her. Anything he could do to fix things. But she never showed up. He hopes she'll come tomorrow. He tugged at the grass and pulled more out, throwing it away from himself. The book cart caught his eyes. He approached the cart and looked for the colorful cover. When he found it he took it with him and sat down again. He opened the book and desperately tried to comprehend what he was reading but he just couldn't read all the words on the page. He wished he could read right. But he was a failure.

- - -

I let everyone go into their rooms and left the office, my stuff in hand. I wondered what type of tests the kids would face. What could Foster do? A lot. I walked into my home and thought about calling Teressa. I gave in and dialed her. The moment she answered I got a lecture about not calling her. I lied and said work gave me a lot to do. All it really gave me was nervousness. I lied again, saying I had to do some work and couldn't stay long.

"Promise you'll call tomorrow... you know I don't have anyone else out here..." they asked softly into the phone. I sighed with guilt.

"I will. Promise." And with that, I hung up. I shouldn't lie. But if I stayed on the phone they'd definitely realize I WAS lying. A lot. And I DID feel bad leaving her alone. She had no friends in the city she worked in with their dead end office job, but I can't let her know I'm lying! It'd break their heart.

I walked into my kitchen and rummaged through my drawers looking for my matches. While looking, I found a small dollar value bubble solution. I stared at it, glad I didn't have to buy any. I continued searching and found my matches, checking to see them all inside. Perfect. I went on with the rest of my day and went to sleep.

As I pulled into the small parking lot I could see a large box outside

the door. I stepped out of my car and inspected the box. It seemed to be what Foster was expecting so I set my papers on top of it and carried it in. My weak arms were not ready for that heavy box. I set it on my office floor. I'll come back to that. I went to the sleeping rooms and opened all the doors and everyone slowly got up and began walking out. Leaf was extremely slow compared to the others.

"Let's go now!" Leaf weakly climbed into my hand with a smile. A weak one. I carried her to my office and set her down, beginning to prepare the needle.

"When will I get better?" She asked meekly. I stopped and looked at her.

"I...I don't know." I said quietly, looking down at my needle. I kneeled down and she looked at me, her eyes tired.

"I just don't feel any better. I feel worse." She whispered sadly.

"It will be better soon I'm sure." I lied. Clearly, this stuff was hurting her. But I had to do it. She opened her mouth and I injected the needle under her tongue. She tensed, verging on tears. She was strong, that was sure. I carried her to her room and set her on the grass. As I walked away I looked at Snowball's room. He must be lonely. But maybe he is a loner. I hope he's a loner.

The lab was cold as I entered. I opened the fridge and pulled the tube out. It worked! The small teardrop was fully formed! Arms and all. I opened the tube and pulled them out. They were clear and liquid, but you could hold them. I laid them down on a towel and grabbed my tools. I hated this part. I opened the small one's eye and she stirred, but no sound. I used my metal tool to pull open the side and put in the tracker. But there was no scream. Their mouth opened, but there was nothing.

Then, a squeak. A strained, upsetting, dry squeak. Their vocal cords. They must be underdeveloped. Poor thing. They did cry though. So I held them, comforting them. I opened their mouth and checked, a girl. I held her in my hands, trying to listen for any noises, but still nothing.

"Hello, little one," I said quietly. She opened her mouth, no sound but another sad squeak. She kept forcing out those terrible cracking, dry squeaks. I didn't know if it made her defective but I wasn't ready to give her a death sentence. I put her in the room next to Flower, Match, and Rock. She didn't mind, curling up on her side.

I walked into my office and grabbed scissors, opening the box. There was a bunch of metal and plastic plates, and a nice instructions book. I pulled everything out and found a large bag of screws as well. What a workout I have. I stood and peeked into Fosters office.

"Do we have any screwdrivers around here?" I asked quietly.

"There is a bag under the table in the lab." They said without turning around to face me. I nodded to myself and entered the lab. The bag was there and I grabbed it, bringing it back to my office. Time to get to work I guess.

Hours passed, I took a break to give everyone lunch, do Match's education, then I was back to work. When I finished I seemed to have made a pretty good maze! I carried it out and Foster helped me put it in a testing room, where it would be temporarily. I stood and wiped the sweat from my forehead.

"This is quite the maze, Dr. Foster," I said looking at all the twists and turns.

"It's quite the electric maze, Dr. Xavier." He said smiling. Electrically shocking them. I should've known it couldn't be peaceful. Someone always has to get hurt.

I really underestimated the difficulty change from 900 word chapters to 1800 word chapters huh

My bad hah

But I try my best

In other news!!!

Minnesota's been fun if you've kept up with recent events

If any live here as well you know what I mean haha

But I didn't leave the house anyway so more reason to get stuff done right???

:•)

Shocking

"So gather up all of the fully grown and put them in the testing room. I'll meet you in the room behind the testing room." Foster said, walking away with a smile. I stared at the maze. I made that. Now we have to use it. I slowly opened all the doors besides Teardrops. They all followed me and entered the small door to the testing room. I walked to the end of the room and walked through a door and down a small hall to a smaller room, where Foster was already sat.

"Come sit." He demanded, motioning to a seat next to him. I sat in the seat and stared through the window. It was quite high, so I could see a bit above all the objects. They all talked to each other ecstatically. Which I don't blame them for, they barely ever see each other. Except for Snowball, who kept his distance. Poor boy. Foster leaned down and pressed a small button and spoke into a mic.

"This is a challenge. Go in and make your way to the other side." Is all they said. The little ones all looked around curiously and began filing into the maze. I watched nervously as they carelessly walked around the dangerous maze. Until a loud zapping noise filled my ears. Pencil screamed out, dropping to the floor. Block rushed to help her up. They don't even know each other. How kind.

- - -

"Are you okay?" Block asked quickly, helping Pencil yup.

"I think? What was that?" She asked, looking at the invisible area that shocked her.

"I don't know..." he said reaching his hand out. Once his hands passed a small section of the wall that was metal, his hand got zapped.

"Those walls I guess. The gray ones." He said grabbing his hands.

"Scary. Well, I gotta go." Pencil said, quickly running away. Block stood quietly, confused why she was so quick to leave.

"Whatever." He said, walking the same way to avoid the zapper.

Snowball fell back after the sudden shock hit him.

"That hurt! What was that?" He asked himself, running off. As he ran he avoided anyone he saw. Until he ran around a corner and slammed into someone. He stood up wearily.

"I'm sorry I didn't mean to-" Ice Cube stared at him from the ground.

"Oh! Ice Cube I-" She jumped up and began running away from him. He started running after her.

"ICE CUBE WAIT!" He yelled running after her. He wanted to talk to her.

"Let me apologize!" He yelled, losing breathe.

"NO!" She yelled, not looking back. She ran through a gray area in the wall and screamed as it zapped her.

"Ice Cube!" He yelled trying to run over to help her, knowing it would zap him too. She scrambled to her feet and ran off, leaving Snowball behind the zapping barrier.

He sighed. Then a realization hit him. She didn't want him to apologize. She wanted to hate him on purpose! He wasn't the bad guy! Everyone else was. They all purposely hated him for no good reason. And he would not let them hold him back. He was strong for a reason. And now... he wanted to win.

Flower pushed a petal out of her face, letting her fingers drag over the large scar over her face. She hated it. Everyone else she saw had two eyes. She pushed a side petal up and over her eye while she walked aimlessly. She heard footsteps behind her.

"You lost too? This place is pretty crazy." Wood said, walking up to her. Flower gripped her petal harder, trying to make sure he couldn't see her missing eye.

"Yeah. We could walk together. If you'd like." Flower asked politely. Wood nodded, and they began walking down the halls.

"This is kinda scaring me, you too?" Wood asked her as they walked.

"Yeah! Those loud noises are scaring me a whole bunch! Especially the screaming." Flower lamented. Without their knowledge, they walked through a barrier. They both screamed as the shock slammed through their bodies.

"What was THAT!?" Flower, screamed, scrambling away from the source of her pain.

"I-I don't know-" Wood stopped and stared at her with confusion. She realized her petal fell from her face.

"Oh!" She squealed in embarrassment, covering her eye. Woody grabbed her hand and helped it pull down the petal.

"You're missing your eye?" He asked looking at the scar that replaced her eye.

"Y-Yeah, that's why I'm defective..." She muttered, covering it again.

"Defective? What's that?" Wood asked. Flower looked away, still embarrassed.

"It just means we didn't come out right. It's these red things, see?" She said pointing at the red sticker on her face.

"Oh." Wood said, thinking back to his room and his friends. Sponge and Ice Cube both had the red thing. And they both didn't have arms like him. That's weird, now that he thought about it.

"Yeah..." Flower said quietly. She started walking away.

"Wait- where are you going?" He asked her. She stopped and turned to look at him.

"Maybe we shouldn't walk together, it's kinda weird." She said before walking away, turning around a corner. Wood felt his hand where she would've been missing an eye.

"Yeah, it is kinda weird." He said to himself, walking down a different path.

Leaf walked slowly down a path, yawning. She'd been zapped once, and it absolutely drained her. She was already tired enough. Hopefully, more medicine will do her some good. At least, it should. She felt horrible. But she kept going. She decided to stop and take a break, she's tired. She sat quietly until she heard someone running in her direction. Snowball ran down the hall, a determined look on his face, before tripping over her legs. She tucked her legs in, apologizing profusely.

"Watch where you're going!" He yelled, running away again. Leaf watched nervously as he ran off. That was the boy Ice Cube used to hang out with? No wonder she stopped, he seems mean. She stretched and kept walking, her mind going elsewhere. She wasn't with everything until the electricity zapped through her. She fell forward and hit the floor. She tried to stand but she was so drained. So she decided to take a nap.

Snowball ran rampant through the maze. He was fierce but tried to avoid as many people as he could. He's successfully avoided the zaps that plagued the maze. Running into that leaf girl wasn't his plan. He knew she knew Ice Cube. She would talk poorly of him. But he's sure Ice Cubes talks badly of him already. Making him look like a bad guy. He doesn't need anyone though. He turned and ran through an exit. 3 people had already made it out before him. It was Pen, Wood, and Pin. Snowball avoided looking at Pen or Wood, and just to be safe, avoided Pin too. But she approached him.

"Good job! You're the fourth one out! I'm Pin!" She said standing in front of him. He tried to ignore her but she kept a warm smile.

"Oh sorry, are you unable to hear? I didn't know." She said sympathetically. Snowball sighed quietly.

"I can hear, I'm just deciding not to talk to you." He said coldly. Pin's smile kept up.

"How come? Don't want to say hi?" She asked. He groaned.

"Because friends are a waste of time, they'll all just abandon you." Pin stared at him.

"Oh... alright sorry." She said quietly, walking away. It almost hurt him. He thought she seemed nice.

Golfball followed closely behind Tennis Ball as they tracked through the maze. They already figured out the zapping walls and avoided them skillfully.

"This is easy, can't believe others are getting tricked by this!" She exclaimed, turning a corner to avoid another zapper.

"Yeah! The walls an entirely different color, that should be suspicious enough!" They heard a loud zap.

"There it is again!" Golfball complained. Tennis Ball laughed.

"Maybe we should just focus on getting out of here." He said, turning a corner. She could hear other people talking, it sounded like a group. They must be near the exit.

"We must be near the exit!" She exclaimed, running ahead of Tennis Ball. Tennis Ball followed closely behind her as she ran out of the maze.

"We did it!" She cheered. Tennis Ball chuckled and followed her out. There were 10 people out already. Golfball was already talking to Pen. Tennis Ball looked around and saw somewhat familiar faces and Snowball. Who glared at Tennis Ball the moment they made eye contact. He quickly looked away. Snowball freaked Tennis Ball out. He was so angry. So instead Tennis Ball introduced himself to new people. That was fun.

Block continued his journey through the maze angrily. He'd been

there for what seemed like forever. He walked and turned through many areas, trying to avoid the electric walls.

"Ugh, now I'm just turning towards
The entrance! Or is that the exit?" He complained as he turned and switched directions. But among the white walls and floor, he saw a little green leaf.

"Leaf? Leaf are you alright?" He asked running up to her unconscious body. He quickly recognized the gray walls behind her, she got shocked.

"Oh no... okay let's go," Block said to her, lifting her up and holding her, beginning to walk back the way he came. He slowly wandered, trying to listen for people when he heard Leaf groan.

"W-Whats going on?" She asked quietly. Block looked down at her.

"You fell asleep." He said, still walking forward.

"Oh...I really need more sleep huh?" She said laughing weakly. Block looked forward silently.

"Are we still in the maze?" She asked.

"Yeah. I haven't been able to find my way out." He complained. She twisted her body to look down the hall.

"Oh my." She said nervously. She didn't want to be here much longer. But he wandered with her in his arms aimlessly until he eventually backtracked a bunch and then went all the way through and found the exit. They were the last ones out.

"We did it!" Leaf cheered weakly. Others stared with concern.

"Is she okay?" Wood asked, trying to look for injuries. Block set her down on her feet.

"I think? She said she's just tired." Wood sighed at Block's response.

"She's always tired..." they both looked at her.

"Yeah. But she'll be fine. I'm sure of it." Wood responded.

"I hope you're right."

- - -

I finished my notes and observations and left the small room. Their horrifying screams of pain wracked my mind. I just need to focus. I walked into my lab, bubbles, and matches in hand. I pulled out two large cylinders of fluid. I opened the bubbles and used the wand to blow a decent bubble. I caught the bubble on the wand and lowered it into the solution. It didn't pop! What amazing stuff this is! I carefully put the vial away. I looked at my matches. How could I make a flame on its own? An idea came to me. I pulled out tweezers and lit a match. With the tweezers, I broke off the burning tip of the match. I nervously lowered the flame into the goo. It...stated? It looked as if the flame froze, but it's still there. Where did this stuff come from? Who knows. I put the vile in the fridge and sighed. I was so happy to see more of them, but I clearly was putting them in danger.

WOW

I only took like... a little bit long huh?

On another note though

Teressa is not Two

She is three

I didn't want to put two since we don't fully know their personality but yeah they're cool

:•)

As Days go by

I walked into the building, somewhat nervous about the new ones I had in the goo. I sighed and set my stuff down, deciding to let everyone out before I checked on the new ones. I let everyone's out and grabbed Teardrop from her room.

"Oh! Who's that?!" Leaf asked, walking over. It caught a few other's attention. Multiple objects walked up as I held open my hands to show off Teardrop. She sat in my hands and looked at them curiously.

"This is Teardrop! She's new." I said happily.

"Why hello Teardrop!" Pen said happily. Teardrop smiled and strained her throat, letting out a happy squeak. Pen jumped back, everyone looked at her with confusion.

"Her throat is not very well," I explained. They all collectively understood and continued talking and asking Teardrop questions. She just kept squeaking happily at everyone's talking. She loved the attention. I lifted her up, taking Leaf with me.

"Okay, everyone! Let's get to your rooms now!" I said, everyone sounded disappointed but quickly dispersed and went off to their room. I carried Leaf to my office and set Teardrop aside.

"Is there more?" Leaf asked as I prepared the needle.

"There might be two more today," I answered as she opened her mouth. I gave her the shot and brought her to her room, then I brought Teardrop to her room.

"I'll be right back," I told her. She squeaked. I knew I wouldn't have to teach her any speaking. But I'll talk a lot so she can understand what I'm saying. I walked into the lab and stood in front of the fridge. I

feared if they'd come out right. I opened the fridge and held my breath. They were both fully formed! And they both had arms! It seemed unreal. I lifted both the tubes out. I opened the flames first. I feared touching them, but they were surprisingly cool, despite the fire. I opened its mouth, a boy. I laid him on a towel nervously. Yet he didn't burn it! I left him for a moment to open the bubbles tube. I was gentle as I could lifting the small one out. They were clearly delicate, so I grabbed some of the bubble solution. I poured some onto them. Covering them in a thick layer of bubble solution. Once that dries they should be more durable. I opened their mouth, a girl. I set her on a separate towel to keep her from the fire. Now the sad part. I grabbed the tracking chips, the retractors, and the metal stick. I sighed, using the retractors to open the flames eye. He opened his eye and he put his hands up to the cold metal. It must not be pleasant. His cries let out as I pried in between his flame and his eye to insert the chip. I quickly finished and cradled him in my hands, trying to calm him. The bubble started crying as well, hearing the flames tears. The flame cried louder, the tears actually harming him. I grabbed a towel and wiped the small tears.

"There there, let's get you to a room," I said taking him to Teardrops room, to hopefully calm him better. And maybe use it as a natural thing to keep him safe, since she is water.

"Hello Teardrop, this is Flame, I'm putting him here, but don't touch him!" I said resting the boy's small body on the grass. She looked at the boy as he stared at her, but she didn't move towards him. Good. I closed the door and ran back to Bubble, who had calmed down. Shame for what would happen next.

I carried around the food balls, taking them to all the rooms. Once I got to Teardrop's room I gave her one and took Flame and Bubble out to feed them. They both loved the food, as they all did. I put them back, walking back to my office.

"Those were the 19th and 20th objects right?" Foster asked as I walked by.

"Y-Yeah," I answered quietly. He nodded.

"That should be good for now. You won't need to make more for a while." I nodded. A while? Guess we're not through. I sighed to myself and went into my office. If I was really done, maybe I should reorganize where they are. I grabbed some spare paper and began deciding where they should go. I decided on this:

Room 1:
Flame
Flower
Golfball
Leaf
Needle
Rock
Snowball
Teardrop
Tennis Ball
Wood

Room 2:
Block
Bubble
Coin
Eraser
Ice Cube
Match
Pen
Pencil
Pin
Sponge

...Alright. Sounds about right! I took my list and went to all the rooms, opening every door. Everyone exited, confused.

"Can I please have you guys here and there," I said reading off the list. They all organized themselves very quickly.

"Okay! These are the people you'll be with now! Go into your rooms!" I said, grabbing Flame and Bubble to put them into their rooms. I closed the doors, happy with my choices.

- - -

Leaf looked around at all the new people. She was tired but obviously excited. Wood sat next to her.

"I like how many people there are now, don't you?" He asked her. She smiled, looking at all the people she barely knew.

"I do! Can't wait to have some more friends!" Leaf said happily. Wood laughed.

"Glad to see you so happy." He said smiling. She smiled as well.

"Well, I'm glad to be around so many people!" Just as she said that someone walked up to them.

"Hi! I'm Needle!" The girl said, sitting across from them.

"I'm Wood! And this is Leaf!" Wood said, gesturing towards Leaf.

"There are so many new people!" Needle said cheerily, looking around.

"Yeah! Do you know any of them?" Wood asked her. She looked around.

"Hm. Nope. No one from my old room. Who do you think I should introduce myself to next?" Leaf perked up.

"Oh! I don't know who you should talk to next, but you probably shouldn't talk to Snowball. He's mean." Needle frowned.

"Oh no! Why's he so mean!?" Needle asked disappointingly.

"Well, he hurt Golfball, and Ice Cube says he's a liar! And he yelled at me in that scary maze." Needle crossed her arms protectively, looking at every person Leaf gestured to.

"Oh alright. I'll talk to everyone else then! Thank you!" Needle said standing up. Leaf and Wood waved as she left.

"Snowball yelled at you?" Wood asked, Leaf nodded.

"Yeah! He was kinda scary!" Leaf shuddered, remembering how mad he was.

"Wow. Glad Ice Cube stopped hanging around him." Wood said, staring at Snowball, who sat in the corner alone. Wood turned back, keeping a conversation with Leaf. He was glad he wasn't alone like Snowball.

- - -

It's been 5 days since I changed their rooms. It seems to be going well. I put on my lab coat while looking in the mirror. Flame and Bubble are fully grown now. Flame's voice is scratchy, and Bubble has an accent. It's strange because it sounds like a Goiky accent, which should be impossible. Foster labeled Teardrop defective, along with Bubble. Teardrops throat and Bubbles fragility apparently aren't good enough for that doctor.

I entered the building, excitement rising. They were always such a treat to see. I set my stuff down, quickly going to their rooms to wake them. Everyone walked out and formed big clusters to talk to one and other. Except for Snowball, who walked alone after everyone left. He's made no new friends. I picked Leaf up and carried her to my office.

"Is that Teardrop?" Leaf asked as I prepared a new needle. I look where she was pointing and saw Teardrop clinging to the bottom of my pants. I leaned down and picked her up.

"Hey Teardrop! What's wrong?" She pointed to her mouth, squeaking.

"Does your throat hurt?" She shook her head. She pointed to her throat, and then to Leaf.

"I'm sorry, what are you trying to say?" I asked her. She began tearing up, squeaking more as she pointed towards her throat again. She pointed again, squeaking more. Oh.

She wants to talk.

"I'm sorry Teardrop, you cant talk," I told her sadly. She started crying, trying to force any new sound out beside her strained squeak. I tried to comfort her as she squeaked more. She didn't let up for a couple of minutes, her sad squeaks breaking my heart. Poor girl didn't like being different. Especially when everyone talked to each other.

"It's okay, you're normal!" A lie, admittedly. Teardrop looked up at me with sad eyes, before giving me a drained nod. I sighed, placing Teardrop on my desk.

"I'll take you to your room after," I said quietly, turning my attention back to Leaf. She opened her mouth, flinching as I injected the medicine under her tongue. She has more ailments. She's been having horrible headaches, apparently very painful. Poor girl. I picked her and Teardrop up, bringing them both to their room. I set them down and closed the door.

- - -

Snowball sat quietly, listening to everyone gather around Leaf and Teardrop as they just arrived. He wishes people did that for him. Not really, He didn't think he needed them, they're just there to hurt him.

...

Even if he didn't need friends.
He wanted them.

He would love having people who were glad he was there, who'd talk to him. Maybe read to him. But everyone in this room already heard about him. And how "evil" he was. So there was no use. Suddenly, the large door clicked open, and Xavier peeked in.

"I need Snowball for a moment." He said holding out his hand. Now everyone was staring at him. But not because they liked him. He climbed into Xavier's hand and was taken out. Xavier carries him to

Foster's office, which immediately made Snowball tense up. He hated that blue doctor.

"I brought him. What did you need him for?" Xavier asked. Dr. Foster didn't bother looking at Xavier as he spoke.

"I've been monitoring that thing. It's useless." Snowball felt something inside him shatter. Useless. Was that what everyone thought of him?

"Useless? What do you mean Doctor?" Dr. Xavier asked as Foster grabbed a red role of tape.

"It's too antisocial. So I'm labeling it defective." He said, pushing a red strip onto the side of Snowball's face. That couldn't be. He was supposed to be successful! He had arms, he had eyes, he was strong like he wanted him to be! He wasn't supposed to useless! Snowball repressed the urge to cry.

"... I see. Well if that is all I'll be putting him back." Xavier said quietly, repressing emotions of his own. Xavier walked quietly down the hall, Snowball in his hands. They opened the door and set him in without a word. Everyone stared at Snowball. No one was as happy to see him as they were to see Leaf and Ice Cube. As he sat in his corner someone approached him.

"You got labeled defective." Flower said towering above him. Snowball scowled.

"No. I got labeled useless." He said coldly, Flower felt the tape on her face.

"That's not what it means..." she whispered, mainly to herself.

"That's what they told me. So that means you're useless too." He said pointing at her. She stepped back, deciding not to respond. She let her hand stay on her red tape. She wasn't useless, right?

Leaf sat quietly on her own, watching everyone run about. She enjoyed a bit of alone time. She watched people run by her. Until a boy tripped over her legs. She pulled her legs to her chest.

"I'm so sorry! I keep doing that!" She apologized. The boy laughed.

"No don't worry, it was my fault! Say, you're Leaf right?" The boy asked.

"Yeah! It is! How'd you know?" He chuckled.

"Flower told me! Do you want to play with us?" He asked her.

"Sure! What are you playing?"

"We read about it! It's called tag. One person is "it" and the others have to not get touched by the "it" person, or they become "it" and they chase instead!" He explained. She slowly stood.

"Sounds fun! But you haven't told me your name yet!" He laughed.

"My names Flame!" He said smiling.

What a silly name huh

But here he is haha

Also poor Snowball

Lonely little boy

:•)

A Year of Work

One year.

It's been one year since I started my job.

It's been one year of watching the small innocence of my creation deteriorate. There was nothing inherently wrong with them. But they began to hate each other. The ecfectives started hating the defectives, believing them to be sick and useless. When Dr. Foster saw they did that, they forbade me from stopping any fights. So I just had to watch them all isolate themselves from the other side. But when I was asked to make nine more, luckily they weren't as mean. Though four were defective, no one was really treated differently for it. But they weren't very exposed to the first iteration of objects. So I kept it that way.

I stretched my arms as I sat up in bed. I checked my phone to see a good morning text from Teressa, which they started sending me recently. It was admittedly sweet, but they surely hated being up so early. I stood and got dressed in my usual outfit. I went to the bathroom and stared in the mirror quietly. I looked so tired. I deserve it I bet. I got ready and got in my car for work.

I walked into the office, taking in the familiar environment. I put down my things and opened the sleeping room doors. All the kids on the bottom row of rooms walked out, grouping up as they wanted, and going to their rooms. I sighed, the process of getting the others out was silly. Because of the first row having 21 rooms, all of the second iteration of objects were on a second row. So I had to use a big set of plastic stairs that could connect with hooks to the second row to let all the other get down. So I hooked the stairs and all the others stepped out on their own. Puffball floated up to me.

"Good morning Doctor Xavier!" She said in her robotic tone. She was a mystery. When I pulled her out of the goo, I was already shocked at her complete lack of limbs. But I was even more shocked when she

got scared and flew so far up she slammed into the ceiling. Foster blamed her components and her lack of limbs to weigh her down or something. But he loved to experiment on her. She was missing patches of fluff, and a slue of teeth, which would ruin any way of her talking clearly if she had a voice. Her vocal cords where there, but she couldn't use them. So Foster made a small mechanical vocal box, which made her voice, which sounded like a normal high pitches voice with auto-tune, of a voice filter. If Teardrop was psychical, she might've gotten one too.

"Good morning Puffball! You know you don't have to wait for me to put up the stairs right?" She smiled.

"Yeah, but I like going with my friends!" Which she wasn't wrong about, two people waited below for her. I let her and her friends go off into their own room. I went into my office and reviewed what was on the testing schedule for today. The maze room was transformed into a testing room. I could attach and detach whatever small hoop or rod I needed to for making different test scenarios. I read the paper and went to the test room, supply box in hand. I used hoops at the end of a long rope and hooked them to the ceiling, making sure there were four rows of them. They would just have to reach the other end of the room without falling. I twisted a small faucet and filled a small area on the floor under where they would travel with water. It was weird to have such things but it's what Foster wanted so I had to. I walked into my office and leaned into my new microphone.

"Can I have Snowball, Fries, Bubble, and Bomb to the testing room?" The mic directed my voice to everyone's room. I stepped out and watched the four walk out and into the testing room. They all stood orderly on a raised platform, each positioned in front of hoops. I sat in my testing room chair and leaned into the mic.

"Okay guys you know the rules, when I say, get to the end of the course as fast as you can without falling in the water below you." I watched them ready themselves anxiously. Though they all wanted to win, they knew who would.

"Ready...GO!" I said loudly and off they went, swinging across the spaced hoops with a speed I never see outside of these rooms. Fries grabbed a hoop in front of him and his hand slipped, his body

plunging into the cold water below. Poor boy, he's the only one who rots, I have to replace his fries every week. The others didn't care though, even Bomb, who he shared a day room with. But of course, as I already knew, Snowball was first to finish, he always was. And every time he did I could see him pick at his red tape. He was clearly trying to prove he wasn't defective. Shame Foster didn't care.

"Good job everybody! Everyone finished exit and go to your room. I'll come to get you, Fries." I said into the mic before I left the testing room, finishing up my notes. I walked and grabbed Fries from the water.

"I'm all gross Dr. Xavier!" He cried, grabbing at his wet fries. I used the bottom of my coat to wipe water from him.

"I'll bring you new ones tomorrow," I promised him. He sighed, he always expressed how much he hated the rotting food he had. Not much I could do. I tried to just take them out once and he got so disoriented he collapsed. So he needs them. I took out all but one fry and put him in his room. That's should last him till tomorrow. I grabbed all twenty-nine food balls for everyone and handed them all out, nine to room one, ten to room two, ten to room three, and one to the punishment room. Poor thing. She's been in there awhile. I was stopped by Foster on my way back to my office.

"It seems you forgot to put the surveillance bots in their rooms, again." They said, irritation slipping through his calm demeanor. I straightened up.

"Sorry, just not use to it yet I suppose." He squinted.

"You should get used to it then." I nodded and went back to the sleeping rooms, unplugging the two robots from their respective rooms. The two white robots, dubbed "David" and "Dora" were these invasive robots Foster made to listen for audio. I switched David between rooms one and two each day but Dora stayed in room three every day. They made them because the cameras they already had didn't record audio, I hated them. So I purposely forgot to put them in their room. I set them both down and wiped my hands on my coat. Poor things can't even get privacy.

- - -

Golfball finished her food and approached the new thing in their room.

"What is this? It's always here!" She whispered to Tennis Ball, who also looked on curiously.

"Well... I don't know!" He whispered back. The defectives took up most of the room, so the effectives kept their distance. By effectives, that meant Needle, the only effective in the room. So she kept her distance, no matter how alone she felt.

"Well, it says David on the back of their head!" Flower said, standing behind the thing. Golfball looked at it, before gasping and turning to Tennis Ball.

"Check! Check! Is my name on my back!?" She asked excitedly, standing in front of him.

"Hmmm. Nope! How about me?"

"Nope. Then why those that thing have one? No fair!" Tennis Ball complained. Golfball stared at it.

"Can you talk?" She asked it. It didn't respond.

"Maybe it's like Teardrop." Tennis Ball said. They both looked to Teardrop, who shrugged. Golfball groaned.

"Maybe we should just avoid it, that will probably fix it." She said confidently. Tennis Ball nodded and they both walked away from the thing to grab a book to read.

Fries and Donut grabbed from the pile of shredded books for their favorite game. They shredded book pages, put the ripped pieces on Puffball's head, then she floated to the ceiling and shakes her head, sprinkling the pieces down onto everyone, who tries to catch them. Whoever had the most wins. The idea freaked Book out a little, and Donut found it disrespectful, but of course, they both played. Puffball

raised to the ceiling and shook her head. Everyone cheered and ran around, trying to catch as many as they can.

"I'm sure I won!" Ruby said happily, as everyone sat in a circle to count their pieces.

"I have fifty-eight!" Fries yelled confidently. Donut groaned, throwing his hands down.

"Thirty-seven..." he said sadly. Ruby threw all her pieces in the air.

"Only twenty-five!" She cried. Book, Bomb, Yellow Face, and Gelatin all had lower numbers.

"I only have fourteen! That's so unfair I can barely grab any!" Nickel complained, kicking all the pieces off his lap.

"Well we all play the same so it's your fault you suck!" Puffball said, laughing at him. Nickel kicked his leg up at her, but she dodged it, giggling.

"Okay, but now to address whatever that is." Fries said pointing at the new thing in their room.

"I thought they might play with us..." Puffball said, disappointed. Fries stood, standing in front of the thing.

"They keep showing up, but they don't do anything!" Donut complained. Book opened herself up.

"Here, Bomb check my pages for something about them!" Bomb quickly began reading through the pages.

"I don't see anything!" He said angrily.

"Maybe It's so new! It's not in Book!" Ruby theorized. They all thought about it.

"Yeah, I guess that seems right." Fries said, shrugging it off.

"Let's just do what we want and leave it alone." He said, beginning to collect the page pieces. Everyone agreed and began helping.

- - -

I sighed, the weight of work heavy on my shoulder as I collected all my things. I let everyone leave their rooms and go to sleep. I plugged in the robots to charge, still hating everything about them. As I was about to leave, Foster called out to me.

"Why don't you make sure they're all at the proper temperature before you go, damn thing keeps getting to warm."

"Right away!" I responded, walking back into the main area and into the lab. The room had a new fridge, bigger and better. It was a bit overwhelming and always made a loud humming. I opened the large door and checked the small thermometer inside and it was still at a good temperature. My eyes wandered down to the fridges contents. With a bigger fridge, came more of Foster's tubes. The fridge had twelve, and each one had a new object.

I feel like
Crazy idea

This was not expected for some

Sorry I guess haha

But we aren't ignoring last chapter and stuff

Just give it a bit

:•)

Isolation

"Alright Alright calm down!" I said to all the little ones as they squeaked loudly on the metal table. There were twelve new ones: an 8-Ball, a small toy basketball, a glass bottle, a plastic bracelet, a fake egg, origami, a lollipop, a small pillow, a nail, a purple marker, a small clock, and a patch of grass. So many to keep track of.

"8-Ball!" I screamed, grabbing him before he rolled off the table. He had no arms or legs, so he can't keep himself very balanced yet. They all crawled around pretty quickly, it was too much to handle. So I tried to grab all of them. I put three in each pocket, knowing it won't hurt them. And holding three in each hand. I could hear all the small giggles and squeaks, with at least two biting my hands. I used my foot to open the door to a room and set all of them down. They all squeaked, the different chirps making me smile. I pulled out my phone and took a quick video for Teressa. Just as I put my phone away, Foster stood next to me.

"Are they all wearing their tape?" He asked calmly. I nodded silently.

"Good, I pick..." they began, kneeling down to the small objects, I felt myself tense up.

"You." They said, picking up Clock and handing him to me.

"I want him isolated."

"Is something wrong?" I asked, concerned for the poor thing.

"No, just testing. I want to see how it grows and develops in isolation. You will keep it there and it will never interact with anyone while it grows, and you won't interact either. It may interact with others after it is fully grown but you are forbidden from teaching it anything." I stood silent, looking down at Clock. His small legs pushed against my hands, as he tried to navigate his surroundings.

"I'll assume you understood." He said, walking away. I couldn't do that. That's neglect! It has to be! I put a finger near his legs and watched him fascinate over the new thing in his way. I didn't want to do this. I opened the door to an empty room and hesitated. I kissed the tip of my gloves finger and pressed it to Clock's head.

"I love you," I whispered quietly, setting him down, the same as I said to Leaf. Poor things. I love them. All of them. Once we're out of I'll spoil them all to bits. I set Clock on the grass and stared at him a second longer before closing the door.

The day went by very slowly after that. Even with the joy of caring for the other eleven. There was still a horrible weight on my shoulders when I got to feed all of the little ones but set one of the food balls in Clocks room with no help. I ducked into my office and opened my phone to watch the video. Poor thing. Hopefully, he won't be outcasted. I put my phone away and gave everyone else food, leaving myself with free time. I took the time to send Teressa the video. I put my phone away, I don't think I could stomach how much she'll love it. Because they doesn't know what will happen to Nail tomorrow, or how Clock is being neglected. Maybe I should stop sending them pictures. But then she gets worried that something happened. I hate lying to her. I sighed and decided to check on the new ones. When I opened the door they all stopped and looked at me.

"Hi!" I said, hoping to hear it back.

"H-I!" Pillow said in my direction, now they should recognize my voice when they open their eyes. I lifted her up and she nibbled the end of my finger. I pet her head and felt another one grab at the bottom of my pants.

"Why hello there!" I said lifting Bottle up. She lied comfortably in my hand. I wanted to stop her but most of them were asleep anyway. I smiled, carrying them both to the sleeping rooms. I opened all the doors and set Bottle in her designated room. When I tried to set Pillow down though she grabbed my finger and wouldn't let go. She squeaked and held tight.

"It's okay! I'll be back soon!" I said, petting her again. She seemed upset, but she let go. I find it weird how they're born with such

attachment. I have no clue where it's from. Snowball was clearly clingier (or he WAS), but it seems how clingy they are varied between them. I suppose they were basically born with their personality. Weird. I decided to let all the new ones go to bed, taking them two at a time to their room. As I grabbed them I noticed how small Grass was. He looked very frail and didn't make noise. His breaths were very weak and slow. It scared me. But I didn't mark him defective

"Dr.Xavier?" A voice called as I went to grab for Clocks door.

"Yes...?" I asked quietly.

"He'll be staying there. No need to put him in the sleeping rooms." He explained calmly, not bothering to look at me as he spoke.

"Of course," I said calmly, trying to hold in some guilt. The poor thing didn't even get to have the comfort of the small sleeping room with pretty little star lights. Something even the clingy ones found comforting.

With everyone in bed, I could finally go home and finish up paperwork. And when I got home I flopped on the couch and began working. It was weird to fill it out. Paperwork felt so formal. Felt like I was filling this out for children. Which made me feel worse. I jumped at the sound of my ringtone.

"Hello?" I asked urgently.

"Jeez, Shawn! Did I wake you? I just got off." She asked me nervously. I adjusted myself on my couch.

"Oh. Sorry I was just startled. How was work, Teressa?" I asked them. They sighed.

"Boring as all hell let me tell you! But I wanna hear about your job! How are those little things you got?!" She asked excitedly. I sat silent. I hated lying to her. I had no one to rant to about listening to Foster so willingly.

"Oh! I saw the video! They chirp like little birds it's so cute! I didn't know you made more! How many are you gonna make?" I thought

for a moment.

"I don't really know. It's not my choice. And the chirping is cute, but they only do it for one day!" I explained briefly, not really wanting to discuss them anymore.

"Well, That's still super cute! I'll have to get more of it Shawn or I'll be mad!" They joked happily.

"Of course- um I have to go, Teressa, I'll call probably tomorrow, we'll see." I tried to speak quickly to catch her off guard.

"Oh alright... are you mad at me?" She asked suddenly.

"NO! No- of course not!" I jumbled my words quickly, trying to reassure them.

"You just haven't been calling me as much, and you just seem really eager to leave... I'll leave you alone if you need me too, I know you're real busy now..." her voice sounded strained like she was holding back tears.

"No no no! I am busy Teressa! I wouldn't avoid you on purpose! Promise!" I didn't want to avoid her. I really didn't. But she'd probably hate me if they knew what I've helped Foster do. So they couldn't know.

"Alright, Shawn. Call me when you can." She said, her voice quiet, before hanging up. I set down my phone slowly. I've never heard her so upset. I have to keep my job. I have to figure out how to save those children. Even if I don't talk to Teressa again.

Aha

Ahaha

Can you tell It's filler??

It's a little filler I'm sorry y'all

Also apology for the million years it took haha

:•)

Being Different OBJ OBJ

Eraser leaned against the wall of the day room, reading a book from the cart.

"They're so weird right?" Match asked as she approached him. He looked up from his book to the defectives. He always thought they looked weird.

"I don't get why they didn't just put all those freaks into the other room, poor Needle has to be the only normal one in there!" He ranted, glaring at the defectives. It was a horrid mindset they held, but they never really cared that it was mean.

"Yeah, she like doesn't deserve that! I bet hanging around those things is what messed Leaf up!" Pencil added, joining the conversation.

"You think that was it?" Building Block asked curiously.

"Oh yeah, I bet they're contagious!" Pencil said, disgusted. They all murmured in agreement. The room went quiet as they heard a wrenching scream. Match scoffed, crossing her arms.

"See? They can't even contain themselves, it's so dramatic."

- - -

I held Nail down, one of my fingers covering her eyes. She kicked and screamed as Foster filed down her sharp point. Her screams were animalistic, full of pain and horror. I could only imagine how much it hurt.

"Okay, that's done, one more thing." They explained calmly, picking

up pliers. They grabbed her from me and forced the pliers in her mouth. I listened in silence as he ripped out one of her teeth, as he did with all the defectives. It felt kinda unnecessary, especially when I saw all their weird spotty smiles. Foster handed me the crying Nail. I turned and began comforting her as I walked away.

"Xavier, a question." Why did he always do that?

"I've noticed the grass blades haven't opened its eyes yet. And it's very quiet. Are you sure it's alive?" They questioned.

"Yes, he's breathing." He thought for a moment, then looked at me.

"If it keeps up this slow development I'll be marking it defective." I nodded as if I understood. Grass couldn't be marked defective. I couldn't put another on the kill list. I'd just have to either hide slow development or make sure he catches up with everyone.

The day went by pretty slow. But it was fun! I taught all the little ones how to walk. They all learned pretty quickly as expected. Except for Grass of course. While everyone had learned how to walk, he still hasn't opened his eyes. Or talked. But he's at least made weak squeaks. It worried me. I had to do something about it. So I let everyone back into their room to interact. I took Grass with me to my office and sat criss-cross on the floor. I pushed my finger against his mouth. He didn't open his mouth or react besides his face scrunching in annoyance. I put my finger near his small hands and he did not grab it. He had no real reaction like others instinctively had. Was he born too early? How could that be? Maybe he didn't develop all the way. I have to remedy this.

I could take him home.

A ludicrous thought.

Was it?

I don't think Foster checked if everyone was there. I could put Grass in my pocket and bring him back tomorrow and no one would notice. At home, I can interact with him more in an attempt to help him catch up. Easy plan. No, I'm anxious. No- it's easy. I put Grass in his

day room and continued on with my day.

Everything went normally of course, but when the day came to a close the thought lingered in my mind. And I did it. When I put everyone in their rooms I sneakily put Grass in my pocket, then closed the doors. I gathered all my things anxiously and left as quickly as I could. Once I opened my car door I took off my coat and took Grass out. I curled my coat and buckled it against the seat. I put Grass snugly in the small divot in the coat. Hopefully, he's secure. I got in myself and quickly pulled out of the parking lot.

The whole drive home I kept anxiously peering over at Grass, who rested quietly in the passenger seat. I shouldn't have done this. Foster is going to know! He is going to fire me. And if he does I'm sure no one good will replace me. When I was in school I brought up to a classmate something about how bad animal testing was, he squinted, telling me it was for the greater good. Someone like that classmate would replace me. And they would have no sympathy for my kids.

I called Teressa as soon as I stepped through the door. I didn't care if she was off work yet but I was extremely nervous about all this.

"Shawn? I'm getting off work soon, is something wrong?" She asked sympathetically.

"I made a mistake!" I sputtered, looking at the small baby in my arms.

"Oh, what happened?!" Teressa asked nervously.

"I took one of the kids home! I didn't think this through!" Grass laid quietly in the coat.

"Oh my god! Never took you for a rule breaker!" I groaned.

"Because I'm not! I wasn't thinking!" Teressa sighed.

"Just watch him till I'm off work, I'll call you back!" They said.

"Well I- Fine. Talk soon." I said hanging up and shoving the phone in my pants pocket. Grass had barely moved, still breathing softly. Luckily his breathing was much steadier and he was occasionally squeaking. I pulled Grass away from the coat and used my other hand

to push a finger towards him. His arm moved! That's a start. No real reaction though. How about... I went into the bathroom and ran water over my finger. I pressed my finger to Grass's mouth. And he opened his mouth in response! I was giddy! I tried the same method on his hands, and he moved them. He didn't grab my finger, as I hoped. But he still moved his arms and hands as a reaction to cold water. It's a start.

I put small drops of water on his hands to distract him while I ate dinner. Just as I started Teressa called me back.

"Just got off! How is your rule-breaking going?" She asked, snickering.

"It's not funny! But it's going well. I've gotten much more down than I could have in the lab!" I said enthusiastically, watching Grass move his own hands to his mouth in reaction.

"What are you fixing with the kid anyhow?" They asked curiously.

"He didn't develop all the way. He's behind on his growing." She was silent for a moment.

"So he's like a pre-me baby?" She asked. I thought about it. I suppose that's kinda the human equivalent. Besides the fact that they grow way quicker.

"Kinda, but they all grow very fast, so he's catching on."

"Oh, that's good. Send me a picture why don't you? Love your little project!" They exclaimed. Didn't like the name "project". But not like they knew. I took the phone from my ear and snapped a picture of Grass, who laid in my coat again. I sent it and put the phone to my ear again.

"You like?" I asked. She chuckled.

"Yes! He's such a cutie! They all are!" She said happily. I hope she never finds out now.

"Oh, I gotta call you later!" I exclaimed. They seemed confused.

"But we just started the call!" She complained. I sighed.

"Oh y'know, project stuff..." I explained with a weak smile.

"Alright call when you can!" She sounded cheerful, but I could hear her disappointment.

"Will do." I hung up. I couldn't be on the phone for too long because I hated lying to her. I've lost my appetite. I took Grass with me to my room and sat him on my bed, and I sat across from him. He sat up well, that's good.

"Hi, Grass," I said cheerfully, he looked up at me. Good reaction time. No response though. Not my real concern now. I just need him to open his eyes. That's all for now. I used my new method and put a small bit of water over his eyes. He reacted with rubbing his eyes with great coordination. I smiled. It didn't work but he's moving well. I brought him back to my living room and set him on the couch. I turned on a random show, so he could hear the sounds. It worked better than talking constantly.

I closed the fridge door, putting away my juice. Cup in hand, I walked back into the living room and almost dropped the glass. Grass's eyes were open, staring at the TV, clearly encapsulated by the bright colors of the cartoon. I gasped, catching his attention. He squeaked, covering his face to hide himself. I quickly set down my glass and kneeled to his level.

"No! Don't be scared! It's me, Xavier!" I explained softly. Grass slowly lowered his hands, looking at me with calm eyes. I pet his blades, causing a small smile on his face. When I pulled my hand back it seemed that his blades moved on their own! How cute. He held both his hands up, motioning for me to hold him. I lifted him up and looked into his eyes. I'm so glad he's not going to be killed now.

Um....
It's been, lemme count
17 days

Not as long as it felt

But here it is! A whole chapter (basically) bout grass

Lovely boy

:•)

New Friends

"Alright, guys I think that does it!" I announced, much to the newest kid's joy.

"Good! That was very unenjoyable!" Flame 2.0 said, annoyed. I can't believe Foster made a second flame. He said it's because Flame was promising until what happened with Leaf, then his heat raised about thirty degrees, so I count even touch him anymore. So we made another, who came out incredibly small. Speaking of small, my teaching class size was very small this time.

Out of the new group of eight, five were effective. Which didn't seem like too few, but after Grass group, Foster forbid me teaching the defectives reading or writing. He said it was a "waste of time". Of course he did. As they all walked away I scooped up the learning supplies and brought them to my office.

"Dr.Xavier?" Foster called from their office. I dropped the supplies on my desk and speed-walked to their office.

"Yes?"

"I'm reading through the files of the things and it seems they'd do better with more, you could bring out that leaf." He instructed, his monotone voice all too familiar.

"Leaf? She's been isolated for about two years, is that a good idea?" I asked with concern.

"Well, I think it's a good idea to see the effects it has on the leaf. It is a special case. Account for it when you eventually split them up evenly." They explained calmly, no concern in their voice. I kept a fake smile.

"Okay!" I said walking away. I'm glad she's getting out of the

punishment rooms. But she might not be in the best state. All that isolation can't be good. But I sat down and began deciding new rooms. I came up with:

Room 1:
-Cake
-Clock
-Coin
-Eggy
-Flame
-Cube
-Needle
-Pin

Room 2:
-8-Ball
-Basketball
-Building Block
-Flower.Surveillance.Bot
-Golfball
-Grass
-Tennis Ball
-TV

Room 3:
-Bubble
-Fan
-Flower
-Lightning
-Match
-Pencil
-Ruby
-Snowball

Room 4:
-Bottle
-Light Switch
-Pen
-Pie
-Pillow
-Remote.Surveillance.AI

-Tree

Room 5:
-Bell
-Eraser
-Fries
-Marker
-Origami
-Paper Cutout
-Puffball
-Stapler

Room 6:
-Bomb
-Bracelet
-Donut
-Flame 2.0
-Gelatin
-Nail
-Paper Bag
-Sponge

Room 7:
-Book
-Dora.Surveillance.Bot
-Gate
-Ice Cube
-Lollipop
-Saw
-Taco
-Teardrop

Room 8:
-Balloon
-Cloud
-David.Surveillance.Bot
-Leaf
-Nickel
-Rock
-Robot.Audio.Surveillance
-Wood

I don't know if I made the best choices. But I think they'll all fair well. Now to get Leaf. I carefully unlocked and opened the door to the punishment room. I listened to Leaf scurry back into the darkness. I reach my hand in and lay with my hand open.

"It's me Leaf. I'm getting you out." I held my hand open until I felt her nervously crawl onto my hand. As I pulled her out she quickly covered her eyes in what seemed like pain. These bright white lights must hurt her poor eyes. I cupped my hand over her so she was in the darkness in my hands. I ducked into a corner of my office so it was shadowy. I opened my hands and watched Leaf struggle to open her eyes. Poor girl. She has small tears around the edge of her body, which she did to herself. She slowly opened her eyes, still shading it with her hands.

"Dr...Xavier...?" She asked in a quiet hoarse voice. Has she really not talked this whole time? Poor thing.

"Yes! It's me! You won't be going back in that room, I promise," I said, petting her. Hopefully, I could keep that promise. She put her small hands on my finger.

"It's...too bright!" She complained. I put my hand over her like an umbrella.

"I know, I'll try to keep it dark for you. But you'll have to get better so you can join the new kids!" I announced to her. She instantly perked up.

"New ones?! Really? Who is it!?" She asked excitedly. I smiled.

"A balloon, A cloud, a nickel, and a robot! Those are the new ones." Her smile faltered.

"I don't know what any of those things are..." oh right. Why would she know what clouds are?

"Don't worry, you'll meet them soon. Which is why I got you out!" She smiled.

"Oh, I'm so glad! Let's go! Let's go right now!" She cheered giddily. I smiled and stood up, Leaf now bouncing up and down in excitement. I sat in my seat and began calling out names for where everyone should go, then letting them enter your new rooms. So organized! Hopefully, all goes well.

- - -

"We really got stuck with all these defectives huh?" Match said, snickering. Pencil scoffed.

"Yeah, that's super disappointing!" Pencil said, staring down the five defectives in the room.

Fan hated this. She's always been hateful. She knew she deserved to learn. But she didn't. Now she had to listen to rude girls talk about how she worthless she was. Which wasn't wrong. She had no arms, she couldn't read or write, and she was too hateful and antisocial to be any good for anything.

She surveyed her surroundings. Lightning and Bubble talked idly, but on opposite sides of the room, two objects were trying to isolate. Snowball and Flower, she had heard their names from Dr.Xavier. Why were they so alone? Oh. They're defective. Makes them antisocial. She walked over to Flower.

"Hello." Fan said calmly. She turned slightly towards me, only showing half her face.

"Get away from me." She said quietly, trying to sound intimidating. Fan rolled her eyes and walked to the other side. Before she could speak Pencil yelled.

"Are you defectives really that dumb? Are you trying to get yourself killed?!" She exclaimed loudly, making Snowball shudder.

"Killed? He isn't even moving. Don't be dramatic." Fan said frowning. Maybe the effectives were the weak ones.

"No, you idiot! Don't you know what he's done?!" Pencil squeaked.

"No..? What'd he do?" She asked curiously.

"He like, totally beat up Golfball! Even if she was a gross little defective, it could've been an effective! He's dangerous." Fan was on the fence. Hurting someone was a big scary thing, but they make it seem like only a threat to them.

"Didn't he like, kill someone Pencil?" Match asked her. Pencil thought.

"Hm, I don't remember, maybe? Probably, I'm sure I heard he did that somewhere." Now that concerned Fan. She knew it was very bad to kill. It made you worse than a defective. Fan walked away from Snowball, she hated scary things.

Snowball didn't know why he bothered anymore. She was so close to talking to him. SO CLOSE. But of course Pencil and Match had to open their stupid mouths and LIE! He never killed anybody! They lied about him! And as much as he didn't want to make anything they said true, he wanted to hurt them. The thought scared him, but he did. If they would go away he could have been happy. But he'll push away those thoughts for now.

Block surveyed his new group.

"All defectives? Are you kidding?" He murmured to himself, pointing out everyone's defective flaws in his head. But an armed figure caught his eye. His name must be Grass. Someone approached him. Someone armless. He approached just as she began to speak.

"Hey Grass! I'm glad we're in the same ro-" Block shoved her out of the way before she could finish. She looked at him angrily.

"And what was that for!?" She yelled, begging to attract attention.

"I don't want you to talking to any effectives!" Block yelled.

"Well, I won't listen to you! That's so stupid!" She yelled angrily, standing up.

"I don't need you infecting him with your defectiveness! I'm sure if he's effective he doesn't deserve that!" He said, pushing Grass behind him.

"Infect him?! That's not how it works!" She said angrily.

"I know how it works! If you hang out with him you'll ruin his mind with your gross problems. So just keep with the other things will you?" He said, pushing Grass away with him. Basketball looked down at her legs.

"It's not gross." She murmured quietly. She felt tears forming. She knew she was useless, but it just felt worse when others said it.

Block pushed Grass into a corner.

"There, much better," Block said happily. Grass peered past Block at Basketball.

"But Basketball is my friend!" Grass whimpered.

"Yeah maybe she use to be but if you hang out with her too much it'll make you defective!" He explained.

"Really?" He asked nervously.

"Yea, I knew a girl who was friends with defectives, and she totally got sick because of them! Haven't seen her in years!" He exclaimed, making Grass jump.

"Oh, that's scary! Okay, I won't talk to the defectives. I don't want

that!" Grass promised Block. Block smiled.

"That's good! Now let's read a book together! That sounds fun!" Block said, leading Grass to the book cart. Grass would miss Basketball, but he didn't want to become defective like her.

Oho

Look at all the characters we see!!!

Ain't that a treat?!?!?!

Haha

:•)

Broken

Leaf looked at all the people around her. It's been so long since she's seen people. She was so excited! She approached a blueish object in the room.

"Hello!" She exclaimed happily. The tall object looked down at her.

"Well hello there! What's your name?" He asked her. She beamed.

"My name's Leaf! What's yours?"

"Balloon! I was just talking to everyone, have you met them all yet?" She looked at the new objects.

"Nope! Who are they?" Balloon took her to a group of boys.

"Hey everyone! This is Leaf!" Everyone greeted her kindly. She looked around and caught Woods's eyes. Her smile widened.

"Wood! I'm so glad we-" Wood backed into the wall as she approached, trembling.

"Wood? Are you okay?" Balloon stopped her.

"Oh he's always like that I guess, he hasn't spoken a word!" He explained to her as if she never meet him. She frowned.

"But he does talk... I know him." She said quietly, almost to reassure herself. It has been a long time, maybe she misremembered. No way...she remembered his voice.

"Wood? Come on! It's me! It's Leaf! Your friend." She said approaching him. He slid to the ground and put his hands out meanly in an attempt to stop her, his body shaking.

"I told you Leaf, he doesn't talk, though... he's never reacted like this."

She saw red behind his cowering body.

"Wait why is he defective? He's not defective." Leaf had nothing against defectives, but she knew Wood wasn't defective.

"Well, It's probably the whole being scared and not talking." Leaf wondered why that happened. It's been so long since she's seen him. She missed him. And now she couldn't even talk to him.

- - -

Waking up in my quiet house always made me feel uneasy. Maybe I should get a noise machine. With nice rain noises and whales. Maybe that could calm my nerves. I got dressed in my usual outfit and went to my kitchen to eat breakfast. This would be the second day of the new rooms I assigned. It seemed to be going well, though only Foster used cameras so I couldn't actually see.

I arrived at the office and looked at the bright sky. I've learned to like natural light much more the bright white lights in the lab. I slipped on the usual blue gloves and entered.

I heard crying.

But not the cries of a fully grown object of mine. But a baby. One just made. I pushed my body to the wall and quietly moved towards Foster's office. The cries grew louder. Their office door was open. I peered in.

In his hand was a pencil topper, a bright orange one. They wailed loudly. Foster held the baby with tweezers, his other hand grabbing a medical needle from a tray. I watched them inject the baby.

The baby stopped crying.

Oh. It was just to- they started coughing. The coughs grew more and more violent, the small baby desperately trying to breathe. They started to cough up blood. More and more it kept going. The baby's cries are silenced by the lack of air and the blood that just wouldn't stop. I didn't even know they could bleed! The coughing stopped. The

crying stopped. The flailing stopped.

They were dead.

I moved out of the lab as quickly as I could. Once outside the door, I dropped to the floor, crying. That poor thing couldn't have been very old. And he just killed them. I sobbed harder. I should've done something! I just let them die! I'm so weak.

I've contained myself. That meaning I've stopped crying. My eyes were puffy and red and my nose was also red. Very noticeable. I'll just make an excuse if he asks. I don't want him to ask. He's a million times scarier now. My body was still shaky but I entered the lab anyway. More cries. I walked into his office.

"Good morning!" I said in my least shaky voice, which was still very shaky.

"Hello, Xavier. I noticed you were here a little later than usual, did something happen?" They asked.

"T-Traffic." I chocked out. They nodded with understanding. They noticed my glances towards the new pencil topper in their tweezers.

"Oh. These are a bunch I made in my home with inexpensive things. I'm testing the medicine you'll use on the defectives. They all have different variations and I'm just trying to pick the best one." He explained, still sounding calm, almost casual. I leaned and saw a cardboard box next to him on the floor, filled with other supplies. Pencil toppers, pencil sharpeners, and a variety of crayons. All alive and moving. I had to save as many as I could.

"Alright, well I have to get to work!" I said, leaving and moving to where the sleeping rooms were. I shoved onto the button as hard as I possibly could, breaking the button. I watched it fall behind the wall. I put on my best-worried face.

"Dr.Foster! The button in the sleeping rooms broke! I don't know what happened!" Foster groaned and stood up, grabbing tools from under his desk.

"How'd you manage that? Honestly, you should be more careful with

the delicate wiring Xavier!" He ranted, walking past me and into the sleeping rooms. Okay, nows my chance. I walked quickly in and kneeled next to his box of little one, shoveling a hand full in my pockets. They were not crying but occasionally squeaked.

I ran out to my car and began finding things to help them. I had a coat in the backseat of my car and formed it into a little nest and laid all... seven into it. Only seven? I thought I saved more. There were two pencil toppers, one pencil sharpener, and four crayons. All either squeaking or sleeping. All adorable, all alive. Now for my other little ones. I walked in calmly as Foster walked out of the sleeping rooms.

"It's fixed, for now, don't know how you broke it but don't do it again." He said sternly. I nodded quickly.

"Of course sir, sorry," I said smiling, happy with my work. The doors to the sleeping rooms were already opened by Foster, but no one dared step out until I arrived. Probably out of fear. Honestly, that's probably good they stay away from him. The first row kids stepped out quietly.

"W-Where were you?" Golfball asked nervously, immediately keeping close to Tennis Ball.

"Sorry guys, I needed to grab something." They all seemed to flock around my feet, still nervous.

"Please don't do that again." She asked quietly.

"I won't. Promise." I told her, still helping out objects from the higher rooms. I ended up walking with them to their rooms, watching everyone go into there rooms. Poor things. Now I should start my busy work, to avoid Foster.

- - -

Egg and Cake stared on at Clock curiously.

"Whys he moving around like that?" Egg whispered to Cake. Clock was traveling around the floor on his back, using his legs to push

himself around.

"Well, he IS defective right?" Cake asked her. She scoffed.

"So are we dummy, and we don't move like that."

"Okay, then why don't you ask him!" Egg sighed.

"Fine! I will!" She said, beginning to walk towards him.

"Hey, you! What are you doing?" She asked the boy, who stopped moving around to look at her.

"Alleyvou!" He yelled, smiling. Egg narrowed her eyes.

"What? What's that?" She asked curiously. He smiled again.

"Alleyvou!" He said again, giggling. Egg frowned.

"Stand up why don't you." She told him. He smiled but did nothing.

"Can you hear?" She asked him. He just smiled at her. She sat in front in front of him, studying him.

"Why aren't you saying real words? Say my name. Say Egg." She quizzed him. He thought for a moment.

"A-Ag." He sputtered. Egg groaned.

"No, E-G-G. Egg!" She spat out, getting upset with his lack of knowledge. Clock scrunched up his face, staring at her.

"Egg!" He squealed, immediately falling back onto the grass and repeating the new word, as well as the made-up word he already used.

"So he doesn't know how to talk? Or walk? And he doesn't have arms? Guess that's pretty defective huh?" Cake asked, standing next to Egg.

"We should teach him!" She yelled.

"How come? That seems difficult." Cake complained, watching Clock

repeat the same two words repeatedly.

"Even if Cube talks to us, were the only detectives! If we can get him a little more talkative, we can have someone else to hang out with! If we learned everything in like two days, we can definitely teach him!" She explained, getting more excited to teach someone, and get a new friend. Cake looked at Clock again.

"He did learn your name pretty fast. I guess that's a good idea." He said smiling. They had lots to do.

yall that got me a little sad not gonna lie

but um... yeah haha

clocks cute huh??

:*)

Truths Told

I drove home slowly, the nest of little ones now in my passenger seat. I had my plan file with me, so I could possibly cook them something similar to the gross food balls that were probably good for their growth. Even if I didn't use proper papers, I could still write down names and such, since I'd need some variation because they're the same objects.

When I got home I pulled them out of the car, keeping them in my coat. It was still relatively bright out, which was nice after a day in the jarring windowless lab. I carried them in and set them on my kitchen counter. I grabbed a piece of notebook paper and began checking their mouths.

Orange Crayon (Orangy): Male

Green Crayon (Green): Female

Red Crayon (Red): Male

Teal Crayon (Teal): Female

Pencil Sharpener: Female [No arms]

Yellow Pencil Topper (Pencil Topper): Male

Pink Pencil Topper (Pink): Male [No arms]

Adding a Y to the end of Orangy's name was cute, like a child naming a stuffed animal. I only did his name like that because I didn't want them to get confused by the fruit. Oh, how they'll get to learn so much more. They can watch cartoons and learn about family's and love and- family. I'm their family. I can call them my children. No secrets or anything. I felt way happier. I lifted Orangy out of the jacket.

"My goodness, you still have a bit of that goop on you! Poor baby!" I said grabbing a washcloth and wetting it with warm water. I wiped around his face, getting a good look at it. It's been a while since I've seen such small things. Glad I don't have to open their eyes and put tracking chips in.

I cleaned up the others and read into the food balls. Raw meat, crushed up vegetables and fruit... do I even have that stuff? I began searching through my fridge. Okay, I have frozen beef, that'll work, I'll just defrost it. I have some...lettuce, and mostly brown bananas. That's probably good.

I let the meat defrost while I mashed up the lettuce and bananas. Once finished I mushed up the meat as well and mixed it together, forming seven small balls out of the mixture, storing the rest in the fridge. I took all the kids to the living room and sat their coat-nest in my lap. I grabbed each one individually and began feeding them. As I fed Pencil Sharpener my phone began buzzing in my pocket. It's Teressa. No one else calls me. I used one hand to keep the food ball to sharpeners mouth the and other to hold the phone.

"Hey! It's been a while." She said, I laughed awkwardly.

"Yeah, I guess it has," I said quietly.

"Now I want some updates on your babies, I've been starving for some info!" I felt a tightening in my chest. I can't lie to them again.

"Well- um... not much has really happened!" I said, only feeling worse.

"Really? Nothing? I thought they did a lot?" They asked naively. I felt my eyes watering.

"Nope, n-nothing r-r-really..." I said shakily.

"Shawn? Are you crying? What's wrong?" She asked quickly. She was so caring, I'm so stupid.

"I'm a liar! I'm a horrible liar Teressa! I'm so sorry!" I sobbed. And I told her everything. The tracking chips, the way Foster filed down their points, What happened to Leaf, everything. Teressa was dead

silent. Every silent second was a stab in my chest.

"So...You're gonna save them?" She asked quietly.

"I-yeah. That's what I'm planning, there's no way I'm leaving them with Foster." I said sternly. I was more filled with anger. Recounting every horrible thing that's happened in that lab just made me angry that he did that. Or that I let it happen.

"When you get them I'll take some time off to come to help you!" She said confidently. I smiled.

"Oh, you don't have to do that! I got myself into this mess anyway..." I appreciated their offer, though I felt she was too giving.

"No way! I'm helping you, there's like sixty-three right? In a new environment? Youll need it." She was right, I could barely handle them in groups. I sighed.

"Fine, fine! But don't miss a bunch of work just to help me, I'll be fine on my own if you cant come." I reassured her. I honestly appreciated how caring they were, even if she was irresponsible because of it.

"I'm coming over Shawn, and that's final! I'm not letting you do that by yourself!" I laughed.

"Okay! You can come! I'll call you the second it happens, promise." I said, feeling much freer now that I've told her. But that put a worse thought in my mind. What was my plan? I've been saying I would help them... but I had no real plan. I'll look around the lab and start planning tomorrow.

Pencil Sharpener nibbled my finger. I didn't notice she finished her food. I smiled and finished feeding the others. I just held the nest in my arms and relaxed, watching TV. It seemed they had already fallen asleep. It's so cute. I can't wait to have everyone here.

- - -

Egg's eyes cracked open as her room door abruptly opened. She

walked out and stood out on the small ledge outside her room and waited for everyone on the first floor to exit. After everyone did Dr. Xavier set up the stairs to let them all down. Egg looked over to Clock, who shared the second floor with her. He nervously sat on the first step. She watched curiously as he tried to move down the stairs. Then she watched him tumble down the stairs, slamming face first into the ground. It caught most people's attention, especially Eggs and Cakes. Egg ran down, and Cake watched anxiously from the third row.

"Are you okay Clock?!" Egg asked him nervously. Clock lifted his face up to look at her.

"Egg!" He yelled, his smile wide. Egg giggled.

"You're okay! That's good!" She said happily, Cake joining them.

"He's strong!" Cake remarked, watching Clock stand up and look at him.

"Egg!" He yelled at Cake. Egg sighed.

"So does he recognize us or is he just spewing words?" Cake asked. Egg stood proudly.

"Of course he recognizes me! He remembered the word I taught him!" She said, walking out of the room, Cake and Clock following as best they could. They all entered their room with the others and begun.

"See this? This is white, and this yellow," Egg said, pointing at a piece of paper, new for everyone's rooms. Xavier had suggested it for entertainment. Egg put down her small crayon and pointed at her yellow spots.

"So what colors this?" Clock stood proudly.

"That's yellow! And you're also white." He said joyously. They all did learn pretty fast. He already could speak in real sentences. And it's only been a day. Egg felt a warm presence behind her.

"Well look at that. He's really talking." Flame said, making Egg jump. Egg knew he was too hot to touch, it'd burn her. It'd burn anyone.

"Ah! I'm sorry- oh." She stuttered, before realizing he was also defective. The arms and legs startled her, but he had the red sticker wrapped over his upper leg.

"What? I was just complimenting your work." He said, confused. She sighed.

"Oh thank you! I'm really trying." Flame nodded, walking away.

"Well, that was nice." Cake said, watching him walk away.

"Yeah, it was. But back to work. We still haven't figured out what 'Alleyvou' means! What does it mean Clock?" She asked Clock. He thought for a moment.

"I...don't know. I just know it." Eggy sighed.

"Alright... we can figure that out later, let's keep learning." She said, grabbing more crayons.

Eraser watched indifferently as everyone else interacted freely. He knew no one in this room, but he didn't need to. He could point out five defectives. All happy and talking to the two other effectives in the room.

He found it vile. How could they see those other people as the same as them? They weren't the same. They were the failures. He knew that. And he knew an effective could also become defective, like Leaf. He didn't trust them.

"Wanna play with us?" A robotic female voice asked from behind him. He jumped.

"Wha- No! I don't want to be anywhere near you! Go away!" He yelled at Puffball, garnering stares. Puffball floated away, as everyone glared at Eraser. He was outnumbered. But he didn't care.

"Well that was harsh, don't you think?" Fries asked him. He rolled his eyes.

"I don't know why you hang out with her anyway. She's gonna get you sick." Fries sighed.

"You know it's been quite a while and I've yet to be defective. Maybe you're just dumb and can't think for yourself." He said smirking. Eraser clenched his fists.

"I can think for myself-"

"Then why don't you join us? One day won't kill you." Fries said motioning towards the others, who were folding the new paper into different shapes or coloring. Eraser stared at them decisively.

"Fine. Just today. Don't expect me to hang around." Eraser said, keeping up a strong persona.

"Well come on then!" Fries said, leading Eraser to the happy group. Puffball perked up at both of them.

"You convinced him! Yay!" She cheered. Eraser felt... warm. It was a welcoming feeling, seeing everyone so connected and happy, not how he's seen it for a while.

"So... what are we doing?" Eraser asked hesitantly, siting down with the others.

"It's called drawing. You use these crayons on the paper and you can write pictures!" Puffball explained as Stapler pushed some paper and crayons towards him.

"Oh cool. What should I make then?" He asked, becoming more invested.

"Oh! Draw something in the day room! Like the ground, or the walls, or the door." Origami chattered on about the room. Eraser grabbed the blue crayon and drew a wobbly shape, coloring it in.

"Done." He said, holding it up for everyone to see.

"What...is it?" Bell asked, studying the page.

"It's water, like that water near the wall." He said, his eyes staring at

the open ceiling where Bells string hung from.

"...OH! Oh, I get it! That's really good Eraser!" Puffball chirped. Eraser smiled, and then realized he was smiling so he stopped. But, he liked it. He liked these people, defective or not. So what's so wrong with them?

I can't believe I made survive chapters almost everyday

Like how????

Anyways yeah look at themmmm

:•)

Everyday Life

Basketball sat in her day room, glaring at Building Block. He spewed his ludicrous lies about defectives as often as he could. It almost felt like every time they made eye contact he'd tell Grass another lie. It made her angrier than she even knew she could be.

"You know you're a dumb liar!" She screamed, approaching them. Grass cowered.

"Well look who's come to spread their germs," Block said, sneering.

"Oh, would you stop! I was with Grass for so long and he's fine! You're not right Block! You've been wrong the whole time!" Block just groaned.

"Well I know I'm right. I was alive when Leaf became a defective! And guess what type of objects she hung around." He muttered.

"Well, I'm not Leaf! Neither are you! Or Grass! Who's to say she wasn't just like that?!" Block clenched his teeth.

"She WASNT like that. She WENT crazy. And it was probably because of people like YOU!" He yelled aggressively. She sighed, turning to Grass.

"You know it's your choice Grass, Blocks lies shouldn't affect who you hang out with." Basketball said softly, keeping a quieter voice with Grass.

"Wait... he was lying?" Grass asked, feeling betrayed.

"Yes-"
"NO!" Block yelled over Basketball.

"It's his choice Block." He almost interrupted but kept his ground.

"I- I wanna be with Basketball, but I also like Block! I don't know who to choose! Can't I hang out with both of you?" Grass asked innocently.

"Well, I think that's a good idea." She said softly, but Block stood his ground.

"No. It's me or her Grass." Grass's eyes teared up.

"W-Well then, I choose Basketball. You're scaring me!" He said shakily, walking to Basketball's side. She smiled at him warmly, before giving Block a cocky smirk.

"W-Well FINE! If that's what you want then go ahead! I don't care." He yelled, walking away angrily.

"Why don't we go pick a book? I'll help you read it." Basketball suggested, making Grass smile again.

"Yeah! I'm reading way better now!" He cheered triumphantly. She laughed.

"That's great!" She said smiling. She was glad to get him away from Block.

Block sat angrily in the corner. He knew what happened to Leaf. That medicine was supposed to help her, and the defectives messed it up. She could've been better. He had no other person to blame. Grass looked... so happy. Block almost felt it was happier than he had seen. Was he really that scary? No way. He knew he was supposed to be a success. Better. No way a defective could make him happier. Leaf was happy too, it didn't save her. And he knew it.

"My goodness, aren't they loud!" Golfball spat, her eyes unfocussed from the textbook in her lap. Tennis Ball sat beside her, crayon in foot. They had broken open The Flower Robot to investigate her

makings.

"Yeah, Block really likes starting arguments!" Block's aggressiveness shocked Tennis Ball, who thought aggressiveness was a defective trait.

"Well, we shouldn't dwell on those twos drama anyway. We have studying to do." She turned back to her textbook.

"So what do you see now?" She asked, already completely focused again.

"Hmmm. Well, it's all wirey. Look I drew it." He handed her the paper, letting Golfball look over the paper. She huffed angrily.

"I don't get it! None of these books match anything I'm seeing!" She slammed the textbook closed.

"Maybe we don't have the right books. There has to be one about this stuff somewhere!" He motioned around with his foot to signify the area.

"Hm... I suppose. There's no way they made it without books!" She stood confidently, Tennis ball standing as well.

"Well if we can't figure that out we need something else to do!" She demanded. Tennis Ball slid some papers to her.

"Wanna practice some math?" He asked her. She looked down at the papers and back up at him with a smile.

"You always know what to do." She said smiling, happy to do math with him.

Lollipop laid on the grass, studying the painted-on clouds that were scattered across the blue walls.

"What are you doing?" Saw asked, standing over her. She sat up with

a sigh.

"I WAS studying the clouds for a drawing but I guess not anymore. What's up?" Saw held up a book to her.

"Are you asking if I think the person on the page is Xavier? Because I think it's the blue one. They both have brown hair." Lollipop stated matter of factly, painfully unaware of the existence of other humans. Saw pointed specifically at the page.

"No! Not that! Look here, looks like me right?" The page Saw pointed at had the brown-haired human wielding the faceless saw.

"Hm. I suppose it kinda does."

"Then why don't I have points!" She asked critically, pointing out the sharp spikes the saw in the book had. Saw had none, completely flat on both sides, even a line of pink tape covering one side.

"Maybe you just don't have any." Lollipop suggested, shrugging.

"I hope so, I'll ask Xavier. I was worried it's a defective thing! That would be scary." Book approached them both.

"Well being defective isn't like a bad thing, right?" She asked them.

"Well I don't care if they're defective but I would never want to BE one." Lollipop said, motioning towards the rest of her team.

"Yeah... it's still a bad thing right?" Saw asked Book, who frowned.

"I guess so, but they're still our friends!" She said sternly.

"I never said they weren't, just wouldn't want to be them." Lollipop clarified, quieting down as a defective approached.

"Hey, guys what are you doing?" Ice Cube asked softly, keeping close to Books side.

"Ah, nothing don't worry, just random stuff," Book said quickly, moving off the subject.

"Oh alright, I was just wondering if you could help me get some books so I can read them." Book smiled.

"Ah, I love that you love reading! So lucky your defective group learned to read!" Book cooed happily, leading Ice Cube to the book rack.

"Yeesh. Sucks to be a defective huh?" Lollipop asked Saw. Saw chuckled.

"Oh definitely! Anyways, thanks for helping me with my book thing. I'm gonna go talk to Gate. We're gonna draw together!" Saw said happily, walking away to her friend Gate, another defective.

"You're welcome!" Lollipop yelled, laying back down. Lollipop studied the clouds once more, forever still on the walls. She knew how they spoke of the defectives was poor, but she wouldn't stop. Even if she didn't hate them she knew they were inferior.

"Do you like this story?" Pen asked Pillow, laying on her stomach holding the book above their heads.

"Yeah! I love the pretty colors! I wanna see a sunset. It's so pretty in the book!" She sat up, forcing Pen to stand.

"What are you on about?" Tree asked them.

"Pillow wants to see a sunset! From the book!" Tree pulled the book from Pen's hand.

"Are these even real? I've never seen anything like it." Pen grabbed the book back.

"Yeah, that's why she wants to see one! I'll ask someone else about it." He said angrily, walking to Light Switch.

"Hmm. I've seen other books with skies like that. Here." Light Switch helped Pen grab all the books with sunsets in it. There weren't very

many.

"They have to be real! Why else would they be in these books!" He said excitedly. The idea of a sunset was fascinating.

"Well, I suppose that would be how it works. They wouldn't make stuff up." She said, peeking at the colorful sky.

Well, one day we'll all see one I bet you!" Pen said confidently.

"Oh! Oh! I wanna see a sunset too!" Bottle said quietly from a corner, getting as loud as she could. Pen glanced to Light Switch.

"Right, of course. I- Bottle are you okay?" He asked, noticing her state. She squeezed her eyes shut, then opened them with a week smile.

"I'm okay! Just tired!" She reassured him. He sighed quietly.

"Alright Bottle, try to get some sleep tonight." He said before Light Switch tugged his arm.

"Tree told me she's getting some new medicine. It's supposed to help with her hyperness. Which I think is good, she kept getting hurt." Light Switch whispered to him. He stared at Bottle, who sat quietly and tiredly in the grassy corner. He remembered when Leaf had gotten medicine. He wasn't in her room but he saw Xavier grab her everyone morning to get the medicine. But she lost her mind. That won't happen to Bottle. At least that's what Pen hopes.

Snowball was faced towards the corner as he always was. He got the occasional book and now he had a few pieces of paper and crayons. He grabbed the light blue and began to draw. He liked drawing. Easier than reading and writing. It was so hard to read any books he borrowed, and he swore people noticed. People stared. People like Match and Pencil laughed at his inability. Rude of them to be afraid of him then mock him.

He tried to let his mind and imagination run wild. But it kept getting blocked by another thing.

Ice Cube.

He kept finding himself wanting to draw her. He wanted to rid himself of the thoughts. But the other part of him desperately wanted any imagery he could get. He gave in, scribbling a rough square and giving it a big smile.

He put down his crayons and studied his work. It wasn't the best drawing ever, but he couldn't help but feel attached. Like it was real. And it didn't hate him like everyone else. This Ice Cube liked him. This Ice Cube wouldn't leave him, no matter what mistakes he made. The large door opened up and Xavier peered in.

"Time for bed!" Everyone left the room. He followed far behind, keeping the paper folded and out of view. He went into his room, mind full to not look in Golfball or Pens rooms as he did. He lied patiently as everyone got into their rooms.

Finally, the door closed, leaving him with the dim lights that scattered the walls. He carefully unfolded the paper and stared at it. He missed her. He decided to lean it against his wall, so he could see it. He may not have many people, but at least he had this drawing.

Look at them all living their day to day!!!

A nice close look at their lives and whatnot

:•)

Detective Traits

I set down my papers tiredly, having gone to bed very late. I opened the door for all the kids and let them go off on their own so I could take notes. My job wasn't very thrilling outside of caring for them, so I mostly sat around thinking of plans. Yesterday I thought about my task. While the effectives would be kept alive by default I'm tasked to kill all defectives.
Me.
So I can simply not kill them.

But the effectives is what worried me. I've read the overview repeatedly, yet I can't seem to find what will happen to them. It seems Foster emitted it from all papers.

"Dr.Xavier? What are you doing?" Foster asked curiously. I spun around in my chair fast as I could and looked at him.

"I was just um, thinking of new test ideas." I spat with a forced laugh. Very convincing.

"Well good I was thinking they should do those more often. But that's not why I'm here, I need the grass blades in my lab, soon as possible." My heart skipped a beat. He must have realized Grass is behind. Like Rocky.

"I-Okay." I don't think I can get him out of this.

"And, are you... tired perhaps?" They asked.

"A little, why?" I tried not to sound to demanding.

"You forgot to administer any medicine it seems." He pointed to my desk, where two needles sat unused.

"Oh! I apologize! I'm moving too quickly!" I said forcing another

laugh to hopefully turn the mistake into a joke.

"Hm. Well just get that done and put the grass blades in my lab." And with that, he was out of my office. My whole body relaxed and I stared at the needles. I hated what happened with Leaf, poor girl. I couldn't live with myself if it happened to Bottle and Gelatin. Shame Foster thought he could remake it and make it "better". A stupid idea.

"I need Bottle and Gelatin in my office please!" I said tiredly into my little microphone. It only took a minute for them both to happily walk into my office.

"Hey, guys! You know the drill." I said helping them onto my desk.

"I don't like this Xavier! It hurts!" Bottle complained.

"I know... but it's supposed to help you!"

"Help us what?" Gelatin asked innocently.

"It's um... you guys are a little too...energetic. It's supposed to make sure you're not too jumpy, keep you effective." It seems the threat to their effectiveness stopped the questions. They were afraid of being defective. Poor things. I finished the shots and sent them on their way. It still scared me to use medicine after what happened with Leaf. But Foster said he changed the medicine, made it better. And as much as I don't trust him I can't go against him, so I need a little hope that it won't hurt them.

I opened the fourth day rooms door and peered in.

"I need Grass please!" Grass, who was sitting next Basketball, perked up at the mention of his name.

"Alright! I'll be back!" He announced to his room and climbed into my hand.

"Where we going?" He asked curiously as I began walking.

"To see Dr. Foster. I'm sure it's nothing serious." I wasn't sure of course, I was hoping.

Foster was already in the lab, with supplies on the table. Which scared me until I realized they were just small papers and books. Which scared me again when I remembered that Grass was a younger object. Not in the actual age sense but developmentally. Which is a defective trait.

"Well?" Foster asked skeptically. I realized I was standing still, realizing the horrors that this could be. I looked down at Grass. He looked up and gave me a big smile. I looked away, handing him to Foster. Please be okay.

"Good, now you should finish up that plan for the test, I want you to do it after lunch." They explained calmly, setting Grass down on the table. I nodded and walked away. I should probably get to work. I'll just keep hope for Grass.

Block sat angrily as he watched Grass get carried out of the rooms. The second Xavier closed the door Block shot up and angrily walked up to Basketball.

"I know what you were trying to do yesterday, and it wasn't smart!" He accused. She squinted.

"I have no clue what you mean." She turned back to her book. He stood in front of her and stepped on the book.

"Telling Grass he could hang out with both of us? I know you didn't actually mean that. You were just saying that to seem nice!" Basketball sighed.

"No Block, I thought you wouldn't mind if he was with both of us. I don't care. You were being stubborn." She stood up, standing her ground.

"I can't- I'm not stubborn! I'm effective!" He yelled angrily. Basketball smirked.

"You're not acting like it." She said slyly, turning around to read her book. Block gritted his teeth. He wound up and punched Basketball in the back of the head. She twisted around.

"I can't believe you!" She screamed, quickly running to the small door to hit the emergency button.

"Block hit me!" She yelled before Block tackled her.

"You TATTLE!" He screamed, beginning to fight her.

"Get off of me you freak!" She squealed, kicking and yelling. Everyone in the room had eyes on them, silence besides their yelling. Xavier quickly swung open the door and separated both of them.

"Alright, you two! Blocks coming with me." Xavier still kept a calm voice with them. The idea of raising his voice with them scared him. He set Block on his office desk.

"Alright, you've been very angry. Is something wrong buddy?" He asked him softly. Block crossed his arms angrily.

"Nothings wrong. I'm fine!" He said, very much not fine.

"I can't help you unless you tell me what's bothering you." Xavier leaned on the desk, putting him closer to Blocks level.

"I don't need help, I'm effective." Xavier couldn't exactly go against him. And what? Tell him effectives can be flawed? Foster would have his head if he ruined their horrible flawed mentality. He sighed.

"If you insist Block. I have lots of work to do, you think you can walk back on your own?" Block nodded silently. Xavier smiled and put Block on the ground.

Block wandered out of Xavier's office and began back to his room. But he heard a small voice. Coming from further back in the lab. He reluctantly walked further away from his day room.

"I just can't do it!" Grass cried. Foster groaned.

"What do you mean you can't do it! I didn't make you to not do it!"

They yelled fiercely.

"I don't know how the answer! This math is too hard!" Grass cried again, his voice shaky.

"It's the math everyone else learned! How do you not know it?!" He yelled. Block peered into the lab. Foster was towering above Block, who stood at 3.3 inches tall. When Foster slammed his fist down, knocking something off his table. Block could see the metal shine of the scalpel that lied on the ground.

"I can't believe you're this stupid. Damn things can never go my way!" Foster said, making Grass sob harder.

"I'm sorry Dr.Foster! I'm trying!" He cried helplessly.

"Not hard enough, try again." Block scowled, quietly running up to the large scalpel and lifting it up to his side.

"LEAVE HIM ALONE!" Block screamed running up and impaling Foster's upper ankle. Foster yelled, kicking Block into a wall, immediately knocking him out.

"GOD DAMN- XAVIER?! Aren't you supposed to be watching these things?!'" They screamed angrily, dropping to the floor to check his wound. Xavier ran into the room.

"W-What happened?!" They asked frantically, surveying the damage.

"One of these stupid things attacked me! There is a scalpel in my leg!"

"O-Oh my- um- I-is there like a um first aid? Like somewhere around here that you could like use?"Xavier spat in a jittery mess. Foster sighed angrily.

"Under the desk in my office." Xavier scrambled out and ran into Foster's office, grabbing the small box. He ran back into the lab and dropped to the floor, quickly inspecting the wound.

"It's fine I can do it!" Foster said snatching the first aid kit from him.

"Just go get that test running, it's getting late." Xavier nodded,

making his way to the mic in his office.

"Can I have Saw, Gelatin, Book, and Paper Bag to the testing rooms." He had already set up the testing room with four thin balance beams for them to race across.

Saw happily ran out of her room with Book, who ran ahead of her to say hi to the other two testers. Saw stayed behind, enjoying her walk. But she heard talking. Loud talking that made her curious. She slightly strayed from the group and went near the lab.

"A-Are you okay?" Xavier asked nervously, having stopped to check on him before he began testing.

"My wound is fine. I'm just angry about all these failures!" He screamed, slamming his fists on the ground.

"F-Failures...?" Xavier asked quietly.

"Yes! I'm marking both of these things defective! And it's frustrating! That's like thirty now! Thirty stupid failures I have to kill! That's so much extra work because the damn things can't be normal!" He yelled angrily, making Xavier flinch.

Saw was confused. Kill? She knew it was a word but what did it mean? She caught up with the group and went into the testing room.

"Book! Book! I need your help!" She yelled, climbing up onto the testing platform.

"Yeah what's up?"

"What does kill mean?" She asked urgently.

"Hmmm. Okay, it's, kinda a way of death!" She explained.

"Okay...whats death?" Book silently thought.

"It's when you're not alive anymore. You never blink or breathe or move. It's just the end of living I suppose." Saw's curious smile dropped like a brick. She fell to her knees, crying.

"Saw? What's wrong? We have to start the test soon!" Saw tried to compose herself, but she was horrified. And she thinks everyone deserves to know the defectives fate.

Look at me!!

So productive

But yeah Saw kinda knows now...

Sucks

:•)

Quick News

Word spread.

And word spread fast.

They told each other during challenges, in the morning or at night, and in about 3 days, most of them knew what would happen.

"Hey, guys- oh wow are you guys okay?" Eraser asked noticing Puffball crying, being hugged close to Fries chest.

"You haven't heard?" Fries asked, Eraser rubbed his arm.

"No? Is it bad?" Marker came up behind him and whispered in his ear.

"They're killing all the defectives."

Eraser's hands shot up to cover his mouth. He hardly knew what death meant, but he knew enough to be upset about this news. He had five defectives in his group. Puffball was crying, Bell was loudly sobbing in the corner, Yellow Face seemed quite content, Stapler was angry, yelling endlessly about how unfair this was, and Origami sat beside him, her knees drawn to her chest as she sat silently, a blank expression on her face.

"What do we do? They can't do that!" Fries scoffed at his question.

"There's nothing we can do! It's just because they're defective. And we can't fix that." Fries was trying to be angry, but Eraser could hear the sadness in his voice.

"B-But they can't- they can't do that! They didn't do anything wrong!" He yelled angrily. Fries sighed.

"You think we don't know that?! We know it's unfair! Now will you

be quieter, I need all the time I can get." Eraser watched Fries pull a book from behind him. He began reading it with her, who's cries had died down to sniffles. They read silently, both knowing how to read. But he knew someone who didn't know.

"Hey, Bell? Do you know how to read?" She looked down at him quietly.

"You know I don't." Her throat was hoarse. Eraser cringed, he must've sounded rude.

"Well... would you want to know how?" Bell perked up, her eyes more curious than sad. He continued,

"I think it's a nice thing to know, so you can read more. Before... y'know..." Bell's eyes widened at the mention, but she still managed a small smile.

"I think I would like that a lot Eraser, thank you." She said softly. Eraser sat on the grass with picture books, the words on the pages big and easy to read. A beginner's book. And he began teaching.

"Oh my goodness! I'm so sorry." Paper Bag apologized profusely to Donut, who had just told her what's going to happen to him.

"It's...it's not anything I should focus on. I just need to be able to pretend it's okay." He said holding the sides of his head. She looked past Donut to Gelatin.

"You don't look too upset Gelatin..." Gelatin also held the sides of his head, seemingly in pain.

"Um...what's going on? I'm a little distracted." He said quietly, eyes pressed tightly shut.

"Donuts gonna die! And Nail! And Sponge!" Paper Bag yelled, panicked.

"...That um... sure yeah that's cool." Gelatin didn't acknowledge a thing. But Nail did.

"Wait what'd you say?" She asked in her usual high pitched voice.

"About... y'know! The defectives getting killed!" Nail looked at Paper Bag quietly.

"...I'm gonna die?" She asked quietly, brinking on tears.

"Wait! You didn't know? I'm sorry!" But it was too late, Nail was crying.

"I don't- I can't die!" She yelled erratically.

"No Nail it's okay!" Paper Bag tried to start.

"No, it's not okay! I'm gonna die!" Donut quickly went to comfort her.

"It's okay Nail! We're gonna be fine!" He said softly.

"But we're gonna-" he cut Nail off.

"No, no calm down. It's okay! We're not gonna die." He was lying. But the more he said it the more she seemed to calm down.

"You okay now?" Naily looked at the ground then back at Donut. She sniffled.

"Yeah." She said, her voice quiet.

"That's good. Now go on and do what you were doing." He used his arms to motion her back to the drawing she was doing. He let out a long sigh.

"Hopefully it happens while we're sleeping so she doesn't have to know." He said mostly to himself.

"I don't get how you're so calm!" She said sporadically, she was horrified and she wasn't even going to die.

"I'm just kinda... pretending it's not happening. Better to not panic and waste what little time I have left right?" He explained, a somber

look in his eyes. It hurt her to hear him accept his fate.

Basketball sat quietly next to 8-Ball in the big and mostly empty room. Tennis Ball got in trouble today for messing with Robot Flower, Grass came back yesterday after being isolated for a day, and Block had just come back after two days. Robot Flower was back up and working, so they had the quiet hum of her mechanisms to listen to. Block looked rightfully guilty. She decided to approach him.

"And who'd you hang out with to make you defective?" She asked smiling. He huffed.

"You were right okay! Is that what you wanted?!" He yelled.

"Yes! That's all I wanted! Finally, you admit it!" She yelled back, actually quite happy she got her way.

"Will you both not start with this again! I'm trying to plan here!" She yelled, shakily drawing on a sheet of paper.

"Are you okay? You look a little anxious..." Basketball asked, walking away from Block.

"Of course I'm not okay! I need to figure out how to get Tennis Ball and I out of here! You're on your own!" She yelled frantically, drawing what seemed to be a map on the paper.

"Why would you need to get out of here? Did something happen?" Golfball nervously shot up from the ground.

"Fosters killing the defectives! This whole rooms due to die and I don't think Xaviers gonna stop him! So I need to protect TB and I so let me plan!" She screamed. Basketball stumbled back, shaking.

"What? We're gonna- no! I-I didn't-" Basketballs eyes shot to Block and Grass. Was that her fault? If she hadn't kept fighting Block would he and Grass be defective? She felt herself begin to cry. And she couldn't stop it. She didn't want Grass to die! And even if she wasn't

the biggest fan of Block, she also didn't want him to die. And now that she thought about it, she didn't want to die either.

"Yes. It's happening. Now leave me alone." Golfball said calmly this time. Basketball turned to 8-Ball.

"Did you know?!" She asked loudly. He looked around awkwardly.

"Um...yeah. I thought everyone did." Even with his monotone voice, it scared Basketball.

"I didn't!" She felt entirely broken. She fell to the ground and lied on her side, weeping loudly. Everyone was staring at her. She was barely focused enough to hear the small footsteps approach.

"Are you okay? Why are you crying?" Grass asked quietly. Basketball stopped crying and stared at Grass with terror. Standing straight up she pulled Grass in for a hug.

"I'm so sorry!" She cried shakily. He pat her head.

"Why? What's wrong?" He asked naively. She thought he would've known too.

"I'm sorry that... that you're defective now. That seems bad." Grass giggled.

"It's okay! Now that we're all defective it's okay to hang out together! I'm happy about it!" The happiness in his voice made her smile.

"That's good Grass. I'm happy too." She felt horrible. She was happy, but he was gonna die. And she felt like it was her fault.

Well this one took a bit

MY BAD HAHA

I'm more excited for the next chapter!!!!!

But don't get your hopes too high haha

Please ＜33

:•)

Properly Medicated

Leaf sat quietly, watching Woods shaky and nervous behavior. He had this broken tooth smile Leaf wasn't aware of. Last she checked he was effective. And he didn't have that chip in his head. She didn't understand! He was never like that before. She noted he was now alone. Now was her chance.

"Hey Wood! What are you-" He yelled, cowering.

"Oh, I didn't mean to startle you! I was just curious-" He was turned away from her, shaking. What was with him?

"You know it's weird he only does that around you." This time Leaf jumped at the sound of Balloon behind her.

"Huh? Really? That is weird."

"And it's even weirder, that the only other person who's known you longest also is scared of you." He was talking about Rock, who also got extremely jittery around Leaf.

"Yeah, that is weird, like I said." She said shrugging.

"Well, now I'm curious what you did." She looked confused. His tone was different. Serious. Upset almost?

"About what I did?" He frowned.

"What did you do to make them so scared?"

Leaf pondered the question throughout the day, even when she was called to test. So caught up in thoughts and unanswered questions she didn't even notice Flame was called to test too. But when she did she smiled wide and ran to him.

"Oh Flame it's been so-" he shoved her away to the ground.

"Hey! Don't do that it hurts!" She whined, standing back up.

"What are you doing?" He asked her harshly.

"What do you mean?" He scoffed.

"Pretending nothing happened! It's not gonna work!" He yelled. She stammered back.

"What happened?" Firey stood silently.

"Don't act like you don't know what you did Leaf." And then he walked away. It left Leaf confused. She didn't know what she did. Was whatever happened why Wood was so different? She had to get to the bottom of this.

"Hey, Balloony?" She whispered to him once she was back in her day room.

"Hm?" He was half distracted by a book.

"Could you, um, do me a favor?" Her voice was meek.

"Depends. What do you need?" She twiddled her thumbs.

"Could you... ask Flame about me. About what I did? He won't tell me and I don't remember. And! And he's mad at me so don't tell him I asked! If you want to ask, you don't have to!" She asked frantically. Balloony calmly looked up from his book.

"You know what? Sure. I've been curious about you." She was nervous about that sentence. Curious? Was she that weird? Her hand grazed over her red defective tape. She guessed she must've been to be defective.

Leaf stretched her arms as the door opened to her room, signaling that it was time to get up. She had trouble sleeping last night. She was very nervous about what she did. How bad could it have been?

She was on the first level of rooms so she could get out first. She nervously waited around as the second floor got down, leaving her to wait for the third floor. Finally, Balloon was on the ground with everyone else and through the small crowd, she could see him approach Flame. She couldn't tell what Flame was saying but he looked upset, gesturing his arms wildly with a frown.

Leaf moved quickly to her day room to avoid seeing the conversation. She waited a couple of minutes until Balloon entered. Did he look... sad? She was even more confused.

"Are you okay?" She asked him. He glanced at Cloud and then back at her.

"It's not about you if that's what you're worried about." She sighed in relief.

"But what you did was pretty weird Leaf." He accused. He motioned her to a corner near the pond and she followed him over.

"So what happened?" She asked him quietly, holding her hands hopefully.

"You, one day, out of nowhere, attacked your dayroom." Leaf's hope dropped.

"What? No, I wouldn't!" She tried to stay quiet but she was upset.

"Well that's not what he said Leaf, so I don't know what you think."

Two years ago

Leaf sat silently in the grass, completely void of emotion. Flame kneeled next to her.

"Hey! You there? You've been real weird lately." Flame said, waving a hand in front of her. She didn't acknowledge it. Wood stood next to

him.

"Oh yeah, this is weirder than normal. Leaf? You okay?" She didn't react. Wood looked around.

"Hey Needle! Can you help a second?" Needle joined the boys who still stared curiously at Leaf.

"Can I like smack you into that wall real quick?" Woods's question made Needle laugh.

"What?! Why would you do that?!" She asked curiously.

"If it makes a loud sound maybe it'll snap Leaf out of it." Needle giggled again.

"Okay! Seems easy enough." Wood grabbed Needle and ever so harshly smacked the back of her into the wall. The loud clattering sound alerted everyone in the room, drowning it in silence. And Leaf noticed too. She slammed her hands over the sides of her head, she looked pained.

"Oops. Did that hurt your ears? Didn't mean to." Wood said holding out his hand to help her up. She looked up at him. She stood. And she punched him to the ground. Everyone gasped and began watching carefully.

"Leaf! He said he didn't mean to!" Needle scolded, Leaf didn't respond. She grabbed Needles' thin body and lifted her off the ground. Before Wood could get up Leaf smashed his face in with Needles' body. They both screamed, raising fear in the new audience.

"LEAF PUT ME DOWN!!" Needle screamed desperately, Leaf still didn't react. She now used Needles dull end to jab Wood as hard as she could, stabbing out a piece of his head.

"Leaf! Calm down!" Flame tried to reason. She didn't listen. Or react. Or anything but violently jabbing Woods's face. Flame shoved her away from Wood as hard as he could. Leaf didn't even react, even when she hit the floor. She stood up and started towards Flame, but arms grabbed both her wrists from behind her.

"Flame call Xavier! I'll hold her!" Snowball said, successfully disarming Leaf, who struggled under his grip. No one had left their corner, where they watched the drama. Flame slammed the button.

"Xavier! Please help! Leaf is attacking us!" He yelled loudly, continuing to yell until they arrived.

- - -

I heard the yelling. I was nervous of course. Why would Leaf attack them? I rushed to the room and opened the large door. Everyone poured out of the room in fear, all going to cower behind my shoes. I leaned down and grabbed Leaf from Snowball's arms. She was hyperventilating pretty badly, looking around erratically.

"Alright now- OW!" I yelped, feeling Leaf's teeth bite into my hand. I ignored it but she gnawed my hand.

"Ok- um- ouch, now anyone else who's hurt come with me. Everyone else stays in the room." I explained as calmly as I could manage as Leaf chewed at my skin. Everyone quietly walked back into the room. Snowball walked out of the room with Flame, who was dragging Wood out. I picked Wood up and walked with the others back to the lab, careful not to step on them.

"Ok, what happened to you two?" I asked Flame and Snowball, setting them on the metal lab.

"She bit me," Snowball said quietly, showing his arm.

"Oh, poor thing we'll get some stuff to help that. And how about you Flame?" Flame looked down quietly.

"Nothing, I just wanted to see what was happening."

"Oh. Well, I suppose you can stay until I'm done." I turned and opened the fridge to grab one of the goo vials, which was hard with one hand since Leaf was still biting the other. Snowball held out his arm and I rubbed a small bit on it, coating the bite mark.

"Okay now to you," I said to Wood, who already passed out. A piece of his head was missing and I couldn't do anything to fix that. I tried to coat every wound I could see. Oh. He's missing a tooth. Cant fix those.

"How's it going after that fight?" Foster asked from the doorway. Snowball shakily hid behind my hand. Poor boy.

"Woods hurt. And he's missing a tooth. Leaf is still biting me. She attacked them." Foster studied the objects.

"Well, you'll have to mark the wood slab defective, as well as the leaf. The rest are fine for now. And put the leaf in the punishment room, it's violent." I didn't like their weird "for now". Was he always planning for them to be defective? How rude.

"Okay..." I said, like the coward I am. He walked out of the room without further conversation.

"So....she's a defective now?" Flame asked curiously, clearly not as shaken as Snowball.

"Yeah, but don't worry! I'm sure they'll be better in no time!" I reassured him. I could see a tinge of disgust in his expression as he stared at Leaf.

"But she hurt him. Is that a defective thing?"

"No! Of course not! It's just...um... she just didn't feel good. It was just a reaction. It was...just her." I lied. I hated it. I was being rude to Leaf, who had tired herself out and was sleeping now. Flame glared at Snowball, then at Leaf. I didn't lie well enough. He's blaming defectives already. I guess I couldn't stop it.

"Let's get going then. These guys need rest." I put the sleepy Leaf in my pocket and picked up Snowball.

"Here I'll help you down," I said letting Flame sit in my hand. But as soon as his body touch my hand I screamed, tossing him back to the table. My glove had started burning. I yelled, ripping off the glove and stomping on it.

"What happened?!" Foster yelled anxiously, running into the room.

"He- he isn't that warm... I use to be able to grab him!" I just noticed Flame, who shakily sat at the table. I tossed him. The poor boy was probably hurt.

"Hm. Seems like it got warmer. I guess it'll be defective too, it's a hazard. Lucky the fake grass can't burn." He explained calmly. I felt horrible for hurting Flame. Foster left the room and I reluctantly grabbed the small role of red tape.

"W-Wait! I'm not defective! You know I'm not!" Flame pleaded.

"I'm sorry Flame. I know you don't want this."

"Please! I'm not violent like them! I did everything right!" I sighed. He didn't fight me as I wrapped the red tape around his leg.

"It's not my decision Flame," I said sympathetically.

I carried them all to the rooms to rest, Flame following close behind on foot. He wasn't hurt but I couldn't let him go back to his dayroom in his state. He needed rest. So I put those three in their room and took Leaf with me to one of the punishment rooms. I opened the small door and sighed, looking down at the small leaf.

"I'm sorry Leaf. I love you, I don't want this." I whispered to her quietly, setting her in the room and closing the door. She's gonna be fine. How long could he keep her there?

Current Day

"So that's kinda the gist. You attacked people and now they're defective and gonna die."Balloon said after a quick explanation. Leaf looked confused still.

"No! But I didn't! I wouldn't hurt them! And what do you mean they're gonna die! I didn't kill them!" She yelled, racked with fear.

"Oh. You don't know. The defectives are all going to be killed. All my

friends and you are going to die." He sounded empty. Leaf put a hand to her defective tape. She was gonna die. She was afraid. She didn't want to die. But part of her felt like she deserved it.

It's exactly 2000 words 💀

My bad!!!

Oh nevermind the second chapters 3000 words

So this isn't to long

Anyways!!!

Lore!!!!! Backstory!!! And whatnot <33

:•)

Poorly Medicated

Tree's room had no defectives, so he wasn't too affected by the news they would all die. Of course, he felt bad, he didn't think anyone deserved to die, but it wouldn't affect him. But Pen was devastated. He didn't care at first until he found out Block got marked defective. Block and he barely saw each other but knowing he'd die still hurt him a lot. But other than that no one was really affected.

"Isn't she acting a little funny?" Pie asked nonchalantly, pointing to Bottle. She was right, Bottle sat in the corner, she looked around nervously, her breathing quick.

"Yeah, I'll check on her, I'm sure she's fine." Tree said, walking to where Bottle sat.

"Hey! You alright?" He asked, sitting in front of her. Her eyes shot to his and they kept eye contact.

"I-I-I don-t know whats-s-s w-w-wrong?! It hurts! I don't know why!! I need help! I n-need Dr. Xavier!" She cried helplessly. The sobbing confused Tree but he called out to Light Switch anyway.

"Hey- um, can you call Xavier in here? Tell him Bottles freaking out." She nodded and did as told. It only took a couple of seconds for Xavier to arrive.

"What's going on? Is she okay?" He asked.

"I don't know. She just keeps crying and acting all weird. You can help her though, right?" He asked him, questioning the doctor's abilities.

"Of course! Here, I'll take her for a bit and figure out what's going on." Tree nodded and watched as Xavier took Bottle from the room.

"We'll be back!" Xavier said joyfully, closing the door. Tree stared at the closed wall for a second. Could they help her? Tree didn't know why he kept second-guessing him. Probably because he's letting half of them die. Tree knew they were.

"He's acting weird! It's really weird Donut!" Paper Bag yelled erratically, pointing to Gelatin. He's spent the whole morning staring at the ground like it had some engraved message. He looked distressed. Donut sighed.

"Paper Bag, he's fine. I'm sure he's just upset about the whole dying thing going on." Paper Bag grabbed his shoulders.

"No! This isn't right Donut! I know you're upset but you can't ignore him!" Donut groaned.

"If it'll stop your worrying I'll go talk to him." He said, slowly walking to stand over Gelatin.

"Hey, you're freaking Paper bag out, you should calm down." No response.

"Gelatin, dude. Snap out of it." He started picking at the grass. But no response.

"GELATIN! STOP TRYING TO SCARE US!" He yelled, loud as he could. Gelatin shuddered, looking up at him. Donut turned to look at Paper Bag.

"Okay, problem solved, he's fi-" Gelatin tackled Donut, biting into the side of his face. He screamed out in pain, garnering accompanying screams of fear in the room. Paper Bag rushed to the call button and slammed it down.

"Xavier! Please come quick! Gelatins eating Donuts face and I'm scared!" She yelled. She looked at the big door. Nothing.

"I-I know you're probably busy but we're really scared a-and we need

help! Please!" Donuts screams pierced Paper Bags' thoughts. Bottle had already started crying. Leading Xavier away from their office. He couldn't hear Paper Bags pleas.

"Nail! Keep calling him! I need to help!" Nail ran to the door and also called Xavier, letting Paper Bag run to Donuts aide. She tried to grab Gelatin from behind, to pull him off. But now he was hitting Donut, and she couldn't grab hold. But she eventually grabbed one of his arms, using any strength she could manage to hold it. But he was not weak. He elbowed back, hard. It shoved straight into Paper Bags' mouth. She squealed and stumbled back. Nail stopped hitting the button and opened the door. You weren't supposed to, but it was an emergency.

"Me and Bomb will go find Xavier! Be careful!" She yelled, both her and Bomb running out of the room. Paper Bag felt like it wouldn't go well.

Nail and Bomb ran as fast as they could to Xaviers office, only to find it empty.

"Where is he?!" Nail yelled.

"Maybe they're in that room?" Bomb asked, pointing to one of two exit doors. They both approached it. They had no way of getting out, but they could see a faint light from under the door.

"This is a super yellow light. Weird."
Nail said, trying to look for Xaviers shoes.

"What are you two doing?" A calm voice asked. Nail jumped and Bomb put an arm out in front of her.

"W-Were looking for Doctor Xavier! We need his help!" Bomb explained, faking confidence to Foster. Foster smirked.

"You know what? Like the initiative. But they're over there." Foster said, pointing to the other end of the area, where the lab was. Nail and Bomb rushed past them fast as they could to the office, no fear that Foster lied. Once they got in they could see Xavier, and hear crying.

"No! I dONT want that! I want my med-dicine! Stop!" Bottle cried loudly as Xavier tried to calm her.

"DOCTOR XAVIER!" Nail screamed as loud as she could. Xavier whipped his head around to look at them.

"Huh? Why are you two out of your room?" He asked, looking away from Bottle.

"Gelatins attacking us! Hurry!" She yelled. Xaviers eyes widened.

"Oh. Oh no!" They instantly rushed to their room and swung open the large door. Gelatin screamed, trying to claw at Donut, who used his feet to push his face away. Paper Bag had dug her fingers into his head, trying her hardest to keep him away.

"I don't want to die!" Donut shouted, sobbing. Xavier quickly picked Gelatin out of the group and held him.

"Alright! Paper Bag and Donut can you walk?" He asked calmly.

"I-I Can." Paper Bag spoke quietly, holding a hand to her mouth.

"I-I think?" Donut said shakily, trying to sit up. Xavier leaned down and set his other hand palm up for them to climb on. Paper Bag helped Donut onto Xaviers hand and they brought them to the lab, where Bottle sat, her tears more or less gone.

"Okay I can see your damage Donut, how about you Paper Bag?" Xavier asked them calmly. She opened her mouth and pointed to her teeth.

"One of them feels loose." Xaviers soft smile faltered.

"Can you pull on it?" He asked, keeping the same concerned face. She grabbed the hurting tooth, tugging on it.

"OW! It hurts!" She cried. Xavier forced a smile.

"It's okay. I'll fix it after I help Donut." Donut did not lose any pieces, but he had bad bite marks and indents from the beating, which Xavier coated in the green goo. Paper Bag was another story. Her

tooth was loose. Set to fall out. And nothing can fix that. She was defective.

"Okay, my turn!" She said smiling. Xavier sighed.

"Look Paper Bag. I can't fix your tooth." Her smile dropped.

"B-But you have the stuff! The stuff you put on Donut! That's to fix it!" She tried to reason.

"It doesn't work on teeth Paper Bag, I'm sorry but I'll have to mark you de-" She yelled.

"NO! You won't mark me defective! I'm fine! I just gotta fix my tooth and I'll be fine!" Xavier went to grab her and she screamed. They lifted her as she struggled. He put Gelatin in his pocket and grabbed some tweezers to get a hold of her tooth.

"No! Don't take my tooth out! You're making me defective stop!" She yelled, shoving the tweezers away from her.

"Please...I don't want to die Dr.Xavier. Please let me be effective!" She yelled, sobbing. Xavier stopped.

"Die? Where'd you hear that?" He asked quietly, she looked away.

"I-I don't know." She muttered, lying.

"Paper Bag who told you being defective would kill you?" She cried harder.

"I don't want you to be mad at anyone." She whimpered.

"I won't get anyone in trouble. I promise." They said calmly, lowering the tweezers.

"During a test, Taco told me the blue doctor was gonna kill the defectives. I-I really don't want to be defective Xavier please please don't-" he interrupted her.

"Look. If I take out your tooth and keep you effective, will you stop telling the others that stuff?" She bit her lip nervously.

"E-Everyone already knows." Xavier was surprised by her honesty.

"Well, it's not true Paper Bag I can promise you that. I won't let you guys die." They said softly. She feels herself calm. He wouldn't let her die, would he? Of course not.

"If you make me defective do you promise to save us?" She asked quietly.

"I wouldn't let you guys die Paper Bag, none of them." She squeezed her eyes shut.

"T-Then you can make me defective. As long as I don't die." She muttered nervously. Xavier frowned. He didn't want her to live in fear.

"I promise you, none of you guys will die. Now, please open your mouth." And she did. They gripped her tooth and yanked it out swiftly. She yelled and covered her mouth, wincing.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Xavier quickly said.

"Isss everyooone okayyy....?" Donut slurred quietly, trying to hold himself up. Xavier finished putting the red tape on Paper Bag.

"Yeah. Everyone's fine." She said calmly, Xavier set her down and she walked to his side.

"Youree defeeectiveee...im...sorrrry..." He said trying to focus his eyes on her.

"No no, it's okay! We're not gonna die! We're not gonna die!!" She cheered happily. He gave her a weak smile.

"T-Thatsss gooood..." he said slowly, before passing out.

"Ah! Is he okay?!" She asked shakily.

"Yes, he's just sleeping. I'll take you both to your rooms." He lifted them both up in his hands and took them to their rooms.

- - -

I was left with Gelatin, in my pocket, and Bottle, left in the lab. They would both be marked defective. I hated marking them defective, even if they weren't going to die. Because it always made them feel lesser than the others. Made them feel useless. And I hated that.

"S-So we aren't dying?" Bottle asked quietly. I pushed the tape on her face.

"Of course. No one is." I calmly explained, picking her up.

"You wanna take a nap?" She nodded. I also left her in one of the rooms. Now Gelatin. He hasn't calmed down. I reached in my pocket, where he was biting the fabric. I grabbed him, using my fingers to keep his arms to his side. He screamed wildly, trying to bite me. I held him up and sloppily put the tape on his as he squirmed. Done. Even if Foster hasn't told me to, I can't not put him in the punishment rooms. He's still ready to attack anything he sees. But I won't leave him there. As soon as he's better I'm letting him out. That what I told myself, closing him in the dark room.

I was very relieved to leave the lab that day. It was hard to keep everyone safe and the stress is killing me! Not to mention I have more at home. They're all a treat. No one gets hurt, not on purpose. All the kids have their favorite foods and music. They sleep in a small dog bed next to me on the bed, with a night light, of course, some of them are afraid of the dark. These thoughts made me happier. I finally got home.

"You're back!" Green cheered, making the others cheer as well. Half of them cling to my pants as I walk to my room to settle down.

"Of course he's back! Where else would they go after work!" Orangy said rudely.

"Maybe a date!" Teal said, making the others laugh. They were kinda mocking me? It's funny though.

"Oh! Oh! Which channels are the cartoons!? I forgot!" Pencil Sharpner

asked shyly.

"256," I said, taking off the coat.

"Okay! Thank you!" She said running off. I followed her into the living room and watched her climb to the couch. I had a plastic display set against it, it was like little stairs. She ran up and quickly typed in the digits, bringing up the cartoons.

"Ew! I hate this girly cartoon!" Red said. I had no clue where he got that attitude.

"Well, I'm watching it!" Pencil Sharpener yelled. Red quickly climbed on the couch and tried to nab the remote.

"No! I wanna watch it Red stop!" Red tried to grab the remote.

"I'm a pencil sharpner! I'll sharpen you if you don't stop!" She yelled.

"I'm a crayon! It doesn't work like that!" Red yelled. I grabbed them both.

"You're too young for sibling rivalry! Let's calm down. Red, Pencil Sharpener was here first," he groaned angrily.

"You can watch what you want later." I finished, setting them both down on the couch. I kneeled to Pencil Topper and Pinks level, who I considered the twins.

"What do you guys think we should have for dinner?" I asked them. They whispered to each other suspiciously.

"Spaghetti!" They said in unison. I stood back up.

"Spaghetti it is!" I announced, making the children cheer. I left them to do what they wanted. Honestly, they were lucky. I gave them a bucket of building bricks and if they make it big enough they can use it as a fort. Younger me would've raved at the idea. I got out my two biggest pots and started boiling water. I split the spaghetti in the box into two groups. A moderately big portion for me, and a slightly smaller portion for the kids. Then I started breaking the kid's uncooked noodles into smaller bits.

The noodles cooked quickly along with red sauce to go on the pasta. Easy meal, lucky me. I separated the kid's pasta into doll bowls. I paired them with slightly filed down doll forks. Filed down enough to stab food, but not filed down enough to hurt them.

"Dinner Time!" I said, walking into the living room. The kids cheered and quickly gathered in front of the couch to eat. I passed out their meals and sat on the couch behind them. It was nice. To be around the kids, the ones I could save. I couldn't wait to get everyone else here.

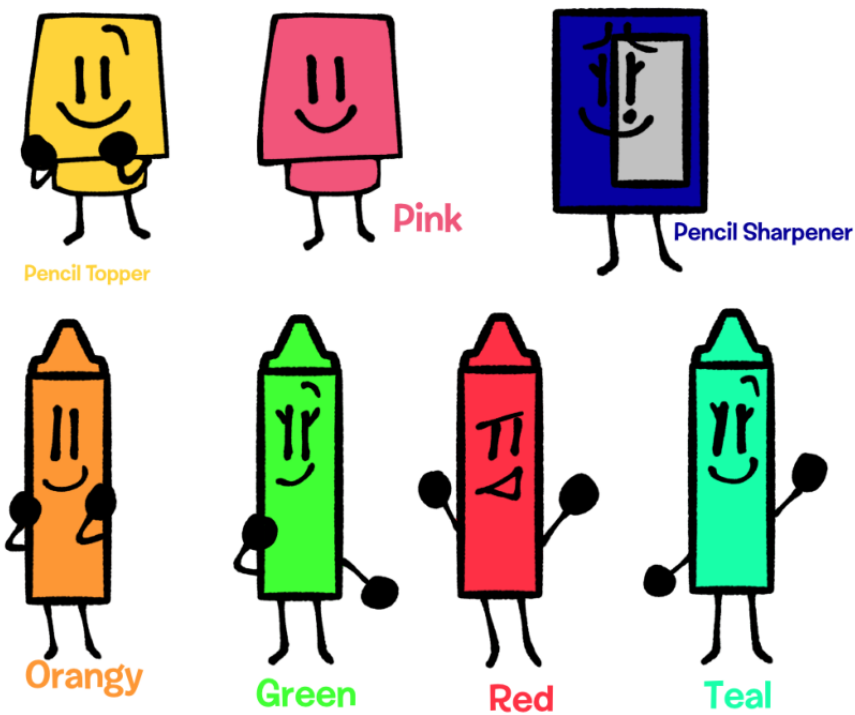
I do be taking forever 😓😓

My bad

But hey!!!

Drama ❤

EDIT: I forgot I was gonna put a drawing of the kids hah



There they all are ❤

:•)

The Final Day

Lollipop yawned as she stretched out her arms. She woke up about when the doors opened, so she had a good schedule. Standing on the second floor she could look down and watch the first-floor people go on their way. Xavier, as he did every day, put the plastic stairs against the second floor to let them down. She walked quickly to her room and picked up her book to read. Sat in the corner near the pond, she started reading. But it only took a minute for someone to approach her.

"Hey...Lollipop....?" Taco asked, unsure. She slowly closed her book.

"Yes Taco?" She was slightly annoyed, but it wasn't Tacos fault.

"Um....nothing! Just wanted to say hi!" She sputtered out nervously. Lollipop sighed, more annoyed by this interaction. But before she could make a remark, Taco ran off to their other roommates. Lollipop got back to her book happy to not be distracted, but of course, that was short-lived.

"Lollipop?" Lollipop heard Gate say. She ignored it. She didn't care for those people.

"Um....hello?" She focused on her book, tuning Gate out. Gate sighed and walked away. Lollipop began reading again, happy she was left alone.

"LOLLIPOP!" She slammed her book closed.

"Can I be left alone for FIVE MINUTES?" She yelled at Book, who was clearly angry.

"I can't believe you Lollipop! I knew it! I knew there was something up!" Book stammered out.

"What?" Lollipop asked.

"You're ignoring all the defectives! How could you! Those are your friends!" Lollipop did not change expression.

"Book aren't they going to die? Why get so attached?" Book stomped her foot down.

"That means you don't abandon them! What is wrong with you?!"

"Nothings wrong with me. All the more reason to not interact with the defectives." Book breathed, trying to calm herself.

"You know what Lollipop I don't think I want to be your friend. You don't deserve friends. I hope you become a defective too. You deserve to die." She spat hastily, quickly walking away. Lollipop watched her walk away, going back to her book. She could care less she had no friends. She didn't need anybody. She was effective, and that's all that matters.

Eraser woke up with a jump. Was yesterday the day? Are they okay? He nervously waited for the door to open and ran out when it did. He could see Leaf and Golfball. Defectives. It hasn't happened. His team was...very prepared. Every night they'd all say goodbye as calmly as they could. But it was hard for them. He could tell. He walked to his room and waited for everyone to enter. And eventually, everyone was there. Fries sat in his usual spot with Puffball, Yellow Face and Marker talked loudly about their favorite things, Stapler calmly watched Origami color, and Bell was getting a book Eraser picked for her. She'd learned fast. The book was only 150 pages and had some pictures but he was pretty proud of her. But she looked...upset.

"Is something wrong?" A silly question. She was gonna die soon, of course somethings wrong.

"I'm really liking this book so now I'm upset." She said, already reading.

"Well if you like it what's wrong?"

"I don't think I'll be able to read fast enough to finish." Eraser stared at her silently. He never thought that to be a concern to her.

"Hey, I'm sure you will! You're great at reading! Just keep going!" He reassured her. She nodded quietly, going back to reading. She didn't believe me. But when she finishes that book she'll be glad she did, he knew so. Leaving her to focus, he walked over to Fries, who was cradling Puffball in his arms.

"Is she sleeping?" He asked quietly.

"Yeah, I don't think she gets much sleep, poor girl." It was clear he didn't either. And thinking of it now, most of them looked horribly tired. And Eraser didn't blame them, they have many reasons to lose sleep. Eraser stared at her. Is that what being dead would look like? No moving, closed eyes. He pushed away the thought. He didn't want to think about Puffball's dead body. He pushed his hand to Puffball, she was warm and soft, ignoring the patches that lacked fur. He smiled gleefully.

"I know, it's soft isn't it?" Fries said, noticing Erasers expression. Fries soft smile faded.

"I don't know what I'm gonna do when she's gone." He sighed. Eraser agreed.

"What's even gonna happen to us after all this?" Eraser thought out loud. Fries stared at him.

"I don't know. It must be something. The nerve they'd have to have to kill our friends then make us live like normal without them." They, he was referring to Foster and Xavier. And he was right. Xavier was part of this. Xavier was going to kill them. Eraser didn't remember his entire youth, but he remembered Xavier. But Xavier taught him to walk, and read, and write, he raised him. And he raised the defectives too. How could someone kill the ones they raised? The ones they cheered on while they learned. Of course Xavier was one of the bad guys, he shouldn't have trusted either of them.

Snowball sat in his usual corner, thinking. It took a couple of days but he finally figured out why everyone seemed so upset. The defectives were going to die. Of course no one told him that, he had to eavesdrop on the nervous conversations of people around him. Not that he cared about himself, or any defective in his room, or anyone at all.

Except for Ice Cube. She was going to die too. He needed to apologize, to her face. He just needed to talk to her one more time. He wanted to see her. Maybe if he was effective he could've sacrificed himself for her. She deserved to live much more than him. He didn't deserve anything. He knew that. He's made himself defective. Ice Cube was born that way. She didn't deserve this.

"Man I wish we at least got a set date, this is really dragging out." Lightning complained.

"You want to die that bad?" Fan asked sourly.

"Of course not, but if I'm going to die I'd like to know when, I don't want to be scared. I want to cherish my time!" Fan scoffed.

"Cherish your time? There's nothing to cherish, we've been purposely disadvantaged our whole lives. We can't read, or write, what is there to cherish?" She rambled. She was never very happy, but she was upset about all this.

"Well, you and Bubble are my friends. I cherish you guys." Fan was silent as she stared at Lightning. She looked down with a small smile.

"I guess. Whatever." She was happy. It made Snowball ball his fists. Even the defectives had each other. He had to speak to Ice Cube.

- - -

I stood nervously in the lab. Dr.Foster said they'd meet me in the lab

in a couple of minutes. I wouldn't be concerned if it weren't for the three needles on the metal table, all filled with liquid.

"Okay good, you're here." He said as he walked in. Where else would I be?

"So about those," I asked, pointing at the needles. They stood tall. Please don't say it'll kill them.

"It's a strong sedative, they'll be out till tomorrow afternoon, so a couple of hours after the effectives will be up." I sighed in relief, but I knew there was a twist.

"Why do they need sedatives?" I knew the answer.

"Tomorrow you will kill them. I have decided we've done all we can do to either filter out the faulty ones or make them better. I have a list of the effective and defective for you just in case they try to hide from this shot." So even he knew they were going to be afraid. Cruel as always.

"What happened to using sleeping gas on all of them?"

"Oh, from your packet. I decided through my efforts that that takes too long. And I need the effectives awake by morning. So you'll just be using this." He walked out of the lab as he finished talking. I bit my lip and read the paper.

Defectives:
-8-Ball
-Basketball
-Bell
-Bottle
-Bubble
-Building Block
-Cake
-Clock
-Cloud
-Donut
-Egg
-Fan

-Flame
-Flower
-Gate
-Gelatin
-Golfball
-Grass
-Ice Cube
-Leaf
-Lightning
-Nail
-Nickel
-Origami
-Paper Bag
-Paper Cutout
-Puffball
-Rock
-Snowball
-Sponge
-Stapler
-Teardrop
-Tennis Ball
-Wood

34? That many? I felt like vomiting. I couldn't hurt one of them, how could I even give them all this drug? But I had to. It'd save them but I guess
I have to do this first. I calmly walked back into my office and leaned towards the small mic.

- - -

"Can all the defectives come to the lab please?" A tired voice asked from a speaker. Everyone in Eraser's room froze. Eraser and Fries looked at each other. They weren't ready for this. Fries softly shook Puffball awake. She groaned.

"What's going on? Did I fall asleep?" Fries looked down at her.

"I think it's happening." She immediately shot out of his arms.

"What!? And I was asleep the whole time! I'm so sorry Fries I've wasted our time..." she said as she cried. He reached up and pulled her down to him.

"Hey, I was with you the whole day it's okay." Eraser watched Puffball sob into Fries chest as he held her.

"Well, there goes that I guess," Bell said to herself.

"Huh? Did you not finished the book?" Eraser asked looking down at her book. It still had a dozen pages left.

"Of course I didn't." She said, dejected.

"Well, hey! You got pretty far right? That's good!"

"But now I'm not gonna know how it ends. All this time was for nothing..." Eraser tried to keep a calm composure.

"You worked hard though, that's all that matters. You didn't even know how to read before now!" Bell stared a the door.

"Yeah....thank you for that. I should...probably get going now." Stapler and Origami were waiting by the door.

"Oh um... yeah I guess so..." She quickly turned away and joined the others near the door. Fries let go of Puffball after one more hug and they all left. There were three of them now. Eraser, Fries, and Marker. Fries dropped to knees, sobbing. The cries were amplified by the now mostly empty room. Eraser didn't know what to do. He looked to Marker, who shrugged. Eraser sighed and sat down, listening to Fries tears.

"Well, I guess I don't know what I expected." Flame said, having just listened to the announcement.

"Aren't you nervous?" Pin asked.

"Of course, but it's not like I wasn't expecting this." He said gathering up the papers he was drawing on.

"I thought they were doing this at night, like when you guys were asleep!"

"Me too. I was hoping for that but I guess it isn't my choice right?" Pin stayed quiet after his response.

"You guys coming with me or on your own?" Flame asked, addressing Cake, Egg, and Clock.

"Oh um... I-I don't- I don't know..." Egg still hadn't properly processed this whole situation. Flame shrugged and left the room. Egg cries quietly, knees drawn to her chest.

"I know this isn't very good, but we have to go do we not?" Clock reasoned. She sighed.

"Yeah. Ready Cake?" She asked turning her attention to him. He held back tears as best he could. Shaking knees, he stood, paper in mouth. Without a word, Cake walked over to Cube.

"What's this?" Cube asked, taking the paper from Cakes mouth.

"Wow! This is a good drawing Cake! I'm...sorry I couldn't make you one too." Cake was too starstruck to respond.

"Well...Thank you!" Cube said, nice as he could. Cake ran off without another word.

"...what was that about?" Egg asked a blushing Cake.

"He's so cool! It's like I really want to be his friend, but like different. And I know I'm dying so I had to at least talk to him right?" At the mention of death, they all stiffened. Still scary.

"Should we not go with the others? I don't want us in trouble." Clock said.

"Ah he's right, we should go then," Egg responded. And with that, they all left to join the group.

Snowball looked through the small crowd anxiously. Just a minute ago he was ready to get this over with but now he knew what he had to do. Ice Cube was short, he knew that. But there weren't many people so she was easy to stop.

"Ice Cube!" He yelled, finding her and turning her to face him. She kept her stare away from his.

"Snowball please-"

"No no! I know this is weird! B-But I just wanted to apologize! For lying. I'm really sorry!"

"Snowball please don't-"

"No! I know you're mad at me! That's why I had to say that! I just really needed to get that off my chest- oh I missed you-"

"SNOWBALL!" She yelled. He just realized how many people were staring.

"I don't have time for this." She sounded upset.

"I-Hey I know. I just thought maybe we could go together! Y'know, hand out one last time! Now that we got the chance." She kept her eyes staring at the ground.

"Snowball I cant." His joyful smile faded.

"You...can't? Why?"

"I already have people I need to be there for. I'm going with them. I'm sure you have people too don't you?" As she spoke their eyes finally met. Snowball felt too many emotions to express. She walked away, taking the attention that everyone had with her.

"I don't. I really don't." He murmured, too quiet for anyone to hear. And with that, he had nothing to live for.

They all entered the lab and waited for Xavier to explain. Everyone was quiet with fear, except Paper Bag, who loudly sobbed.

"So you'll be getting this shot right here, simple and easy. Then you'll fall asleep! Easy process! Any volunteers?" Xavier explained nervously to the small crowd. One hand went up as someone stepped forward.

"I'll go first." Snowball muttered weakly.

"What? Really? Um- okay." Everyone watched as Snowball was placed on the table, Xavier readied the needle in his hand.

"Hey- Are you doing okay buddy?" Xavier whispered to him.

"Just get it over with please." He said before sticking his tongue out. Xavier hesitated, but then swiftly gave him the shot and took him off the table. Everyone stood silent, waiting for what they think is inevitable. But for now, Snowball was awake.

One by one, everyone had to get the shot. Some cried, some tried to run, some bit, but they all got the shot.

"W-Whats happened to him?" Gate asked loud enough to catch other's attention. Sitting against a wall, Snowball sat motionless. Everyone was silent. Ice Cube stepped forward and stared at him.

"...Ice Cube?" Gate asked, noticing her sudden shaking. She crumpled to the ground, silent tears hitting the cold floor.

"I don't know why I feel so bad now. I- maybe I should've..."

"Ice Cube you were confused it's okay. Nothing you could've done really. " Gate said, trying her best to comfort her. Ice Cube stared at him. Even though she was bawling, she couldn't decide if she should've been with him.

"Geez...I'm so sleepy..." Basketball whispered. Block sat next to her against a wall, Grass on his head. Block had noticed it already, 8-Ball was the first gone. So she was next. And then him, leaving Grass alone.

"Hey buddy, you've got to hang with someone else why while we nap alright? We're really tired." He said as he took the boy off his head.

"Oh okay. When will you be done?" Block kept a strong smile.

"Soon. Now you should go to...Tennis Ball. Tell him we're napping." He said pointing across the room, where Tennis ball and Golfball sat together.

"Okay!! I'll see you guys later!" Grass ran off without a second thought. Block watched him somberly as he felt Basketball lean against him.

"I'm sorry we fought. What a waste of time." She murmured almost too quiet to hear. Her breathing was slow as she talked.

"Hey- it's not your fault, I was a jerk. Don't feel guilty."

"But it's still...it was too much don't you think?"

"...yeah. But it's done. No need to end it off with dumb grudges." She let out a weak laugh.

"Yeah. Thanks."

"No problem. I'm glad it's done." He was whispering now, caught up in his feelings.

"....Basketball?" Silence. Block didn't dare move her. He just closed his eyes and waited.

- - -

I feel horrible. I left the lab after giving them all shots. Paper Bag sobbed and bit me. She thinks I'm a liar. When I took the effectives to their rooms it was clear some of them were crying. And the obvious fear the defectives had made my heart break. I knew I wasn't killing them. But if I told them Foster might notice their weird behavior. I couldn't have him ruin this last minute. When I finally finished I got to leave and I had my phone ready.

"Hey! I took a break so this better be important!" Teressa sternly said as I began driving.

"Yeah, it is! I'm taking them home tomorrow!" I could hear her excited gasp.

"I'll start driving there the second I'm off work! It'll be a few hours so you better stay up!"

"First of all, it's not that late. Second of all, They'll be here tomorrow, no need to come today!" They scoffed loudly.

"Any excuse to be out of work! And also maybe you'll need to prepare the house for them! I'm coming over!" I kept my eyes focused on the road.

"Fine fine. I'll set up the guest room, and I'll see you later." We said goodbye and I hung up. I was honestly excited to see her, but I had bigger things to focus on. I was going to save them tomorrow. I will help them.

A little over 3000 words yeesh

It's a lot

It's also a lot less dramatic when you know they're not dying

But they think they're dying so it's sad I guess 😈

Anyways maybe I won't take a month next time

Let's hope ❤

:•)

Almost Home

I woke up earlier than usual. I had to be there early, per Foster's request. I had to be a little quieter, with Teressa sleeping in the guest room. She was overjoyed to meet the kids already here. They slept in her bed they were so excited.

Driving was difficult. I could feel myself lose focus from the horrible anxiousness clouding my thoughts.

Foster wasn't here. The small parking lot was empty, besides my car. Good. I rushed into the lab, a big fabric bag in hand.

"...Hello?" I called out into the empty lab. The lights were off. I was just making sure. I ran to the lab and inspected the area. They're all here. It was a sad sight. Most of them were near their friends. I began gently scoping them into the bag. With all of them in the bag, I noticed a note on the table.

I already have the effectives, don't be confused when you notice they're not in the rooms. I left the needles on this table, the solutions already in it. Once your down you can throw them out in the dumpster across the street, make sure you make them unrecognizable.
-Foster

I scoffed to myself. What a causal letter about killing them. I'll need to find a way to get the effectives too. I stuffed the letter in my lab coat pocket. I must've put on the coat out of habit. Kids in bag, I walked out of the lab, needles in hand. I stuffed the three needles in the dirt outside and injected the liquid into it. Empty needles. I'll throw them away at home, something usually frowned upon. But I don't think this is the situation for the normal needle disposing protocol.

The drive home was dead silent, my brain filled with fear of Foster figuring me out. They wouldn't check dumpsters. No way. The bag

was buckled up in the back seat. I heard a scream and jumped.

"How am I- did it not- ARE THEY DEAD?!" Snowball yelled out anxiously, I could recognize his voice.

"Morning Snowball! I'm sorry you thought you were dying, don't worry they're all asleep!" He breathed heavily.

"So we aren't going to- where are we?!" He, of course, was not used to a new environment. I stuck my hand behind my seat towards him.

"Here climb up." He warily climbed into my hand. I held him up to the window next to me, the environment outside fast-moving. He stared in awe.

"What is all this? It's all blurry."

"Well, we're moving fast, so it makes it look blurry. This is what's outside the lab. Where humans live. Once we get to my house you'll see it better." Snowball kept his eyes focused on the world outside the car.

"It's...nice." We both heard a muffled moving sound. It was hard to make out a voice.

"Okay, I'll put you back in the bag, can you help them out?" Snowball nodded and I twisted my arm around to put him in the bag. I listened to the small rummaging until I could finally hear a voice.

"What's going on?" 8-Ball asked in his calm voice. I guess I'd be explaining this a lot.

I was finally home, everyone up to Cake was awake, leaving 25 still asleep in the bag.

"Oh and quick warning before we go in there's another person. They're nice but I'm just warning." I told them before finally walking inside.

"Teressa I'm home!" I yelled out. They rushed out of the kitchen and jumped into my arms, hugging me.

"Welcome home! Where are they?!" She asked excitedly.

"I'm this bag now stop crushing me!" They laughed and broke the hug.

"Oh lemme see em!" She reached for the bag, which I pulled away.

"Careful! A lot of them are still sleeping and the ones that are awake will be nervous! We need to be careful." They nodded quietly. We both decided to sit on the floor in my living room. I opened the bag carefully and one by one let out the conscious object. They looked around in a mix of awe and confusion.

"It's very warm." Snowball said, looking directly into the yellow light of my ceiling.

"Oh, aren't you cute!" They all jumped at her presence.

"Whos that!?" Cake yelled.

"This is Teressa, my friend. She's staying with me to help you guys get used to the real world." They stared at her.

"She's red!" Basketball yelled happily.

"Like me!" Block added. Nice, they aren't too scared.

"...Red? You mean my hair and my shirt?" She asked them.

"Yeah! You're red." Snowball said. Teressa giggled.

"They're so cute Shawn!" They cooed, poking a finger at Snowball, who stepped away from her nervously. I laughed, facing the hall.

"KIDS! Can you come out here?!" I yelled, trying to listen for them. They all rushed out.

"What's wrong- oh wow! Who are these people!?" Red asked excitedly.

"They're small like us!" Pencil Sharpener added. The majority stared at them.

"Who are those people?" Block asked, pointing at them with suspicion.

"Oh! These are the other kids. I saved them earlier on when they were babies!" I could feel the instant betrayal and anger.

"Of course! It was a random opportunity! I didn't choose to only save them! Promise." I assured them.

"Okay. While I tend to the sleepy ones, can you show these guys around the house and show them how to do things?" I asked as I kneeled in front of the kids.

"Can do Papa!" Teal saluted and motioned the defectives to follow her. They all, with hesitation, followed behind her. I sighed.

"So who's next?" Teressa was setting out all the sleeping ones as she asked.

"Um... Clock if I recall correctly. That poor boy..lucky he's out of there."

"Did something happen to him specifically? I'm sure it's good everyone's out." I froze. Everyone. This wasn't everyone. I already knew that but the mention of it out loud made my chest tighten. Where were they? They were okay, right? They had to be, Foster thought they were good.

"He wasn't treated, he was isolated till he was fully grown. So he couldn't learn to walk or talk properly. I feel horrible." Teressa stopped to pat my arm.

"Well, he's safe now so-" just as they spoke he jolted awake.

"W-Where? Have I died?" He stood up shakily and looked around. I slowly lifted him up.

"It's okay! You're alive Clock!" I said calmly. His eyes darted around.

"W-What about Cake? And Egg? Are they-"

"They're okay." He sighed with relief and continued looking around. I

guess I still have a lot to explain.

This day has been too long. I've had to explain to over a dozen little objects about what was going on. I would've explained it to them all at once, but everyone who woke up was very panicked. But everyone eventually got a tour of the house and now quite a few of them were playing with legos with the first kids. It was nice to see them more calmed down.

"See this is the big hiding room!" Teal said, showing off the big lego house I helped her build. The others are in awe by every little thing. Spoons, cups, windows, anything really. I, sitting on the couch behind them, felt Teressa lean towards me.

"Do they know what music is?" They asked quietly.

"Definitely not!" I whispered back. She giggled.

"Play some! Some quiet calm stuff." She asked eagerly. I stood and began looking for music on my phone. I found some calm jazz music and began playing it on my speaker. The second the music started everyone but the first kids shot up to find the source.

"What is that?" Grass asked, staring at the speaker.

"It's music, it's a type of sound people put together for entertainment. There are many types." It was the simplest explanation but I don't think they'd understand anything else. They all were trained on the speaker as I walked into the kitchen to make them all dinner. Surely they'd be confused by new food, but also I assume they'll like it. It is pizza of course.

-

Basketball thought it sounded amazing. Something about music made her happy.

"It's so weird," Block said sitting next to her, Grass on his head.

"I like it." She said quietly.

"Well I never said it was bad, it's just weird. We've never heard of any of this stuff. I feel like we never got to do anything." He was right. She felt that too. This stuff was all so amazing but she felt like it's so late to be learning all this. Like she had been cheated out of the normal life she wanted. But at least she had it at all. She could only hope of the wonders the effectives got. She hoped they were okay.

Omg ignore how long this took

I was struggling tbh □✋

Anyways haha hope they're all okay haha heheh haha 😼

:•)

Almost Somewhere

Pen could feel the sense of discomfort around him as he woke up. He looked around, confused. He was in a white....room? It was unreasonably small. Everyone with him barely had room between them or above them. Why was he in this super small room? Was it a room? He could feel a slight shaking every second, occasionally feeling more intense movements, so intense everyone in the room would be shoved into the walls.

"What were you thinking? Were you trying to get yourself killed?" Eraser yelled. Fries was covered in injuries, visible all over his body and limbs. From what Pen could overhear, Fries spent the whole night attempting to mark himself defective, which didn't work. Why would he WANT to be defective? Pen didn't like the idea of what Fries was trying to do, knowing what happened to the defectives.

"Geez what a waste. Lucky enough to have your life spared and you're ungrateful." Lollipop sneered.

"Well let's not say that-" Eraser tried to break up the fight before Fries cut him off.

"Ungrateful? You were friends with defectives. I saw. How are not upset?!" Pen could hear the anger in Fries's voice growing.

"Yes, I WAS. When I found out they were going to die I cut contact. Glad I did seeing how much it messed with your fragile mind." She mocked him carelessly.

"Okay let's stop now! You two will both become defective if you keep this up!" Pen didn't like what Eraser was implying either. How could such violent people be effective?

"Hm? What's going on?" Pillow asked sleepily as she woke up.

"Oh, I don't really know actually. It's really weird-" Before Pen could finish the entire room violently moved, sending everyone slamming into the wall. All the screams died down but it took everyone a minute to readjust.

"Ow...that hurt..." Pillow groaned, laying beside Pen. He helped her up and they both moved back to their side.

"I wonder where we're going." She said as she pressed her face against the white walls.

"See anything through there?" The walls weren't completely opaque, which Pen just noticed.

"It's...grey? Wait no, white? But I also see black? It keeps changing!" Did she sound almost...scared? Suddenly all the moving stopped. And that scared Pen as well. The ceiling suddenly began to move, revealing a tall figure.

"We're just about there. You will do everything I ask of you. And if you don't you know what will happen." Dr. Foster said sternly. Everyone stared up at them silently.

Fries quickly surveyed the surroundings around Foster, immediately thinking of escape plans. The ceilings were smooth and grey. The walls were a pale beige. Where were they? Before he could even start to figure that out the lid of the container they were in was closed. He groaned to himself, watching any information to his freedom leave his sight. He hopelessly felt the swaying of the room return, surely meaning they were moving again. Where could he be taking them? If Foster wanted to kill them why take them somewhere? The defectives were dead, Fries knew that. So there was no reason to move them somewhere to kill.

The faint sound of talking stopped all Fries thoughts. He didn't recognize them at all. He could barely make out what they were saying. But before he could try and understand their words the lid opened again and Foster's hand reached in and grabbed Lollipop out. Fries couldn't help but feel a little bad. But he was happy knowing that the sympathy he had made him nicer than her.

Lollipop was placed onto the light brown wood table. She was almost afraid, seeing about three people she's never seen. One of them, leaned down to look at her.

"And these are...made from real things? This ones made from a lollipop?" Lollipop took notice of their body. A blue shirt, just like Dr.Foster. But they didn't have any white coat like them, they had a button-up blue shirt, not that she knew what that was.

"Yes. It's a real lollipop." Foster clarified. Another figure smiled, laying their chest on the table to see her.

"And it can actually talk? Like a person?" Lollipop took note of his voice. Sounded like Tree. He had a green shirt.

"Yes. Why don't you talk Lollipop?" She had never felt so weirdly pressured. Why was she nervous? She was made for this.

"I can talk. I can read too." She bragged. Another person placed a large book in front of her.

"Prove it then." It was bigger than any other book she's read, but she walked across the page to read.

"It's a good day, or maybe even a great one, although it will be impossible to know for sure until later." She read confidently. The person let her walk off and pulled the book away.

"Dr. Emerson? What's that book there?" They held up the book for the person with the green shirt to see.

"It's one of my son's books. He left his backpack with me. He's in my office, remember Taylor?" Taylor scoffed.

"I'm a doctor too!" Dr. Taylor said, raising their voice.

"I'm aware. I just didn't call you doctor." Foster cleared his throat.

"I apologize, Dr. Foster, for the interruptions. Continue." The person with the blue shirt said.

"Ah, yes. I will. They all can also write, and do math problems." Dr. Emerson pushed a sheet of paper towards Lollipop.

"Oh, I have a pencil for it." Foster handed Lollipop a small pencil.

"Oh! Oh! Write down...Peter piper picked a peck of pickled peppers!" Dr. Taylor asked happily. Lollipop listened, repeating the tongue twister on the paper.

"That's very impressive Foster!" They said.

"Yes. They've all been taught to do all these things." Foster said in a more calm voice. Lollipop, while never opposing Foster, was still concerned by his easy tone shift.

"Well, if these little guys are meant for a younger audience, I'm sure we could use a...test subject." Dr. Taylor said, grinning at Emerson.

"Are you implying my son tests them?" They asked without a grin. Taylor nodded.

"...that would be a good idea." The blue shirt doctor said.

"But Dr.Oliver-never mind it's fine I guess." Dr. Emerson begrudgingly stood and held a hand out to Foster.

"Give me a few to take to my son." Foster opened the box back up and grabbed Tree, Light Switch, Pen, Pie, and Pillow.

"I didn't need five." They said.

"Well, it'll add some variety." Dr. Foster said calmly. Emerson sighed and walked with them out of the room.

It's the first time Pillow had seen any of the areas outside. It was weird. The pale grey walls and even paler ceiling. And even stranger were the windows she saw, of course, she didn't know what they were, or what the well organized front area outside was, though the trees she saw outside looked familiar.

"Benny. I've brought some new things." Dr. Emerson said, placing the

objects on the desk in front of the boy. He was a lanky boy, though you wouldn't be able to see that under the bulky black sweater he wore. You could barely see his eyes either, or most of his face, as it was covered by his black hair. The hair not covering one eye was held back by bright blue hair clips.

"What are these things?" The boy asked, poking at the objects.

"Living things. They're a new project one of our associates has done. Tell me what you think of them." And with that Emerson left the room.

"Um, nice to meet you!" Pillow said first, smiling. Benny smiled back.

"How advanced. Are you guys like, AI?" He asked curiously, picking Pillow up.

"No! We're alive! I've seen all of these people as tiny and small weaklings!" Pen said, motioning to the others.

"Oh! So you guys grow? That's cool." Benny said excitedly, though his voice showed little emotion.

"Yup! We're all alive and real!" Tree said proudly, catching Bennys attention.

"You're Australian?!" He shouted, smiling. They all stared at him quietly.

"He's Australi-huh?" Light Switch asked.

"He has an Australian accent? Don't you hear it?" He asked again.

"Oh! Is that what that is? I just thought it sounded funny!" Pillow giggled.

"Honestly I thought he was defective because of his voice!" Pen said and they all laughed.

"Hey! Well, I'm clearly not! And we shouldn't joke about that after what happened to Bottle..." The laughter died down as Tree spoke. Benny stared intently.

"What happened to Bottle?" Benny asked, now fully invested in their stories.

"She started acting off and got marked defective. So she died." Tree spoke quietly, pain in his voice.

"D-Died? Some of you guys died?" They all nodded.

"That's really not what I was expecting! Are you guys okay? They treat you well out there?" Benny was concerned for their well-being now.

"Oh, I think we're treated pretty well. It's just the defectives that they were mean to." Pillow said.

"And what makes someone... defective?" He interrogated.

"Missing limbs." Pen said.

"Being fragile." Pillow added.

"Being aggressive." Tree said.

"Going against Dr. Foster." Pie continued. Benny threw his hands up angrily.

"That's all bullshit!" He yelled, the objects stared nervously.

"Is that...a bad thing?" Benny slapped his hands over his mouth.

"A-Ah! I shouldn't have sworn! Don't repeat that word." He clarified. They all glanced at each other.

"It's just, you shouldn't have all those rules! And you shouldn't be so controlled by that Foster person." Benny crossed his arms as he spoke.

"We know! But it's not like we have a choice. It's either listen or die." Pen spat angrily.

"Oh, I wish there was something I could do!" He complained, covering his face.

"Well, it's nice that you care at least." Pen stared at the door as he

spoke.

"He'll be back soon to get us, right?" He asked the rest of his group.

"Yeah, I bet." Tree answered.

"Oh, I'm nervous! What if I mess something up! He'll get mad at me!" Pillow flapped her hands nervously as she spoke.

"Oh, I'm sure he won't! You haven't done anything yet!" Pen reassured her.

"Yet?!" She yelped, verging on tears.

"Hey! Calm down, please! Here, here's a gift to show how great you're doing!" Benny said, unclipping a small blue star clip from his hair. He placed the clip in her hands. Even though the clip was about two inches long she was only four inches tall, so it was pretty big for her to hold.

"What is it?" She asked quietly, calming down.

"A hair clip! Shaped like a star! Do you like it?" He asked. She stared at him.

"Yeah! It's cool!" She said happily, thoughts of possible defectiveness off her mind. She quickly hid the clip inside her pillowcase. Benny smiled, before hearing the doorknob turn.

"The doctor needs his things back." Dr. Emerson said in a monotone voice.

"Oh. Okay." The objects stared at him sadly, before being picked up and taken away.

Foster walked calmly into the dark lab, flicking on the main light. He just needed to report any results they could before he went home. They'd leave the effectives in the sturdy tub they had them in, for his convenience. Sitting at the computer, he clicked through many apps and tabs, accidentally ending up on the tracker. The tracker worked great, locating any sneaky ones who tried to hide. Foster decided to

check where Dr.Xavier had disposed of the defectives, make sure he did it well later.

...

.....?

That's weird.

Foster flipped through a file on his desk. They hummed knowingly. That was Dr. Xaviers home address. Maybe he should go check up on them.

Oops took two months!
Pretend I didn't!!!!

Anyways got this all planned out >:•))

It'll be epic.

:•)

Confrontation

I watched the small ones shovel scrambled eggs into their mouths. Every newfound food made them ecstatic. They all ate like they've never had food in their life.

"What is this stuff?!" Block asked excitedly, mouth still full of food.

"It's eggs." Teressa told him.

"What's an eggs?" He asked. Teressa and I exchanged a quick glance.

"We'll tell you some other time!" Teressa laughed nervously. We've confused them enough already. Imagine explaining eggs.

"Anything important to do today Dr. Xavier?" Nail asked, mouth also filled with her food.

"Nothing new for me! You guys can hang out and do what you want though." She smiled at the notion of freedom. I stood from the couch, stretching my arms.

"Alright I should probably get dressed-" I was interrupted by a knock at the front door. My living room curtains were closed, so lucky no one could see through.

"Oh! Someone coming to the door totally slipped my mind!" Teressa stood next to me.

"So what do we do?" She asked.

"What's going on?" Bottle asked.

"Someones knocking on the door, which means they want to talk to me! But they can't see you." I explained calmly.

"So...let's all move behind the couch!" I quickly motioned all of them

behind the couch with their bowls. Once they were all out of general view I peeked out the window to see who was waiting.

It was Foster.

I quickly closed the curtain and covered my mouth to stop any sudden noises.

"What's wrong?" Teressa asked quietly.

"It's Foster! They're here!" I loudly whispered through anxious breaths.

"Okay! Okay...I have a plan! You answer the door and I'll wait outside in case it gets bloody!" It feels like I'm gonna cough up my lung.

"BLOODY?!" They slammed their hands over my mouth.

"Shush! You just answer okay?" I nodded slowly and she moved her hands and ran outside through the back door in the kitchen. I breathed heavily, trying to calm myself.

"Okay, I'm gonna answer! Right now! Right now I'm sure!" Finally, I gripped the handle and twisted it, opening it.

"Hello, Xavier." Foster spoke in their usual tone. He was already dressed in his usual outfit, unlike me who wore a loose t-shirt and yellow pajama pants.

"Hi, Foster! Is there something you need?" I asked calmly. His emotionless expression soured.

"I know the defectives are here, I've come to finish the job since you clearly couldn't." My heart sank. The trackers had slipped my mind. Of course he knew.

"I don't know what you're talking about!" It was clear they knew I was lying. I was sweating buckets.

"Don't try and trick me." He shoved past me into my house.

"Where are they hiding?" He slowly pulled out a knife.

"Nowhere! Put that away!" I yelped with fake confidence.

"You know if you don't show me where they are this knife will have multiple uses." I felt like I was choking. There's no way this was real. There's no way Dr. Foster just threatened me with a knife! What do I do? I glanced towards my kitchen. I have knives. I tried to run but he yanked me by my hair. No running now.

"This isn't difficult Xavier. Just tell me." The knife was shiny, probably new. They yanked me down towards his shoulder and brought the knife near my face.

"Now go on. Tell me where they are." I could feel tears run down my face. I choked on my words.

"No! I won't tell you!" I screamed. I tried to push him away, scratching at his wrists. They smacked the end of the knife handle into the face. I screamed out for help. In a quick flash, Foster and I were shoved to the ground. It took me a second to realize that Foster had passed out. Or been knocked out.

"D-Did I get him?" Teressa asked nervously, holding a pot from the kitchen.

"...are they dead?" I asked quietly, reaching for the vital on his neck.

...a heartbeat.

I let out a big sigh, pushing him off of me to stand.

"He's alive." I reassured her. She laughed.

"Lucky them I guess."

"Teressa! I'm not letting you go to jail for murder!" I yelled angrily, anxiety taking over.

"Check their pockets!" They recommend. I gasped.

"Now you want me to rob them!" She rolled her eyes and shuffled through his pockets, pulling out a jumble of keys.

"We gotta make sure he can't escape." They said smiling. I snatched the keys out of her hand. Maybe there's info on the effectives, or maybe the effectives themselves.

"One sec! I need to go check something!" Before they could stop me I ran outside. I tried to seem casual, despite the fact I was breaking into Foster's car. I hope no neighbors could tell how erratic I felt. I searched around the car and noticed a bright white box on the floor in the back. I could easily make out moving shapes within. I grinned and quickly grabbed the box by its handle and carefully took it inside.

"What's that? I didn't think you'd actually rob them!" Teressa said, sitting next to Foster on the floor.

"I'm not, it's more of them, I hadn't gotten them all, I'm lucky they were here." Her eyes widened.

"There were more?! I thought we got them all!" I laughed nervously.

"Sorry...I should've told you..." They quickly kneeled in front of the tub.

"Okay let's see them!" I gently moved it from their grasp.

"My boss is still passed out on my floor." She glanced at their body and back at me.

"I saw your neighbors calling the cops anyway." My eyes widened in fear.

"They WHAT?!" I screeched, head whirling to look at the open door. They must've seen us fighting, and saw Teressa smack him over the head with a pan. We either look like victims or murderers.

"Okay- okay! Okay, it's fine! Okay??" I stuttered out, carrying the box to my room.

"They have no reason to search my room right?" My voice trembled, assuming my question had reached Teressa.

"Yeah, they can't don't worry." They assured me, herding the little

ones from under the couch to my room.

"Good idea! Put them under the bed, I'll put the box there too!" I shoved the box under and watched all the others climb under.

"Dr. Xavier, what's going on? Why is Foster here?" Paper Bag asked nervously. I slowly pushed her under the bed with the others.

"I'll explain later, just stay out of sight and be quiet!" She nodded quietly. All being out of sight, I sat in my living room and waited.

Time went by and eventually, no one showed up, no flashy sirens and nerve-racking questions.

"I thought you said you heard them call the cops." I asked, slouched on the couch. They looked towards the open door.

"Well...I saw them on the phone. I just assumed-" I groaned loudly, sinking lower.

"Teressaaaaaa... they were probably just gossipingggg..." I stood and stared down at the still knocked out Foster. I used my foot to shove his body repeatedly.

"Get up already you lazy bastard, I want you out of my house." I said under my breath, shoving them more. Foster groaned and I jumped back. Teressa and I stared silently at him as he slowly awoke. He sat silently on my floor before turning to look up at me.

"So you got me huh?" They asked quietly.

"I-YEAH! So now you got to leave! You're not doing anything to the defectives!" I yelled confidently, towering over him.

"...Sure. Your problem if they get found out. I've got better things to do. I have all the things I need anyway. Have fun with your failures." Their calm explanation confused me but I was happy to see them weakly walk out of my house.

"How long till he finds out we took the effectives too?" I asked Teressa.

"With that head injury? Give it an hour at least, and that's if he doesn't crash from it." I instantly broke into a sweat. Not because I felt sympathy, they deserved to crash. But if that leads back to me no way it wouldn't be a bigger issue. So I can hope he doesn't come back for a while.

"Now let's go check on the new ones!" She squealed happily, dragging me to my room.

"You can come out now!" They said quietly, to keep them all calm. They all slowly moved out from under my bed, grouping back up.

"Are you okay?" Green asked from amongst the crowd. I kneeled to be closer to her level.

"Of course! Now let's help these ones." I grabbed the box from under the bed and popped off the lid. The effectives stared at me silently.

"Dr. Xavier? What are you doing here?" Fries said, I could hear suspicion in his voice.

"I'm sorry if you guys were worried. But Fosters gone now! You're all safe!" They seemed nervous.

"Then...can we get out of this box?" Pillow asked.

"Oh of course!" Me and Teressa began scooping them up, until everyone was out. The chatter among them was loud, with a lot of questions and confusion.

- - -

"FRIES!" A loud yell rang out above the cluttered voices. Fries turned towards the voice, a spark of immediate recognition of who yelled. Puffball ran into him so hard they both fell to the ground. He held her close to his chest.

"...Puffball?" He almost couldn't believe it. He immediately started sobbing, holding her tightly.

"Hey- why are you crying?" She asked quietly. He pulled her away and smiled.

"I'm just really happy you're here."

Lollipop stood silently, staring at everyone around her. There was no way. There was no way she was back with everyone else. She didn't want to be here. She didn't want to be around these people. She could see the joy around her. People hugging and cheering. She could see Book too. She was talking to her other dayroom people. She looked happy.

Lollipop wasn't expecting this. She burned all her bridges at every turn and now she had no one left. She felt out of place, she needed to get away from this. She swiftly made her way out of the room, unaware of where to go or where she was. Eventually, she was in a dark room, a cold dark room at that. Desperate to get avoid everyone she squeezed herself between a cold wall and a normal wall. She of course didn't know what a dryer was. Or how warm they could be. But that didn't matter to her now.

Everyone was joyous. Except for Snowball. He didn't like the effectives, he loathed their existence. Out of jealousy of course. He still had yet to try and talk to Ice Cube, who was talking to her effective teammates. What would he even say to her? The last time he talked to her he messed it up, and he thought that was the last time he'd talk to her! No way he can figure out what to say. She looked happy though, that made him feel a little better. Even so, he really wanted to talk to her. Maybe later? He rather not be around her friends, they probably don't like him. That made him a little angry. They probably told lies to her too. Everyone did.

Ice Cube smiled as her friends hugged her.

"I'm so glad you guys are okay! We were so worried!" Book said, backing away to talk to her.

"Yeah, we for sure thought you guys were dead!" Taco was smiling as she spoke but was clearly hiding how nervous that made her.

"Hey, where's Lollipop?" They all went quiet as Ice Cube asked.

"Who knows and who cares, she didn't care about you guys at all! Honestly would be good if she got left behind or something." Book ranted, her face twisted in an angry scowl. Ice Cube had almost forgotten how Lollipop acted, openly separating herself from them to seem better. It had made Ice Cube upset back then, seeing her friend so against them, but there was nothing she could do.

"That's...a little harsh Book." Gaty's response made Book groan.

"You saw how she ignored you guys! She was fine with you dying so why should I feel bad?!" No one responded. Nothing could convince her, because she had some merit. And Ice Cube wasn't going to argue about the person who was okay with her death.

"Well, at least we were okay in the end huh?" Ice Cube said, trying to lighten the mood. Saw wrapped an arm around Ice Cube.

"Yeah! That's all that matters now!" Everyone quickly got back to happy chatting, abandoning the dark topic. Ice Cube was still thinking about Lollipop. Where could she be?

- - -

I looked down at everyone happily as they all spoke loudly and laughed. It was nice to see everyone reunited. But of course, I couldn't help noticing Snowball, sitting quietly against the wall staring at the groups.

"Oh, that poor boy." I said under my breath.

"What about who?" Teressa asked.

"Well, Snowball over there has no friends because of a misunderstanding."

"Well, why don't you clear it up?" They asked.

"I can't, Foster doesn't let me- OH!" My whisper jumped up to a yell. I didn't have to listen to Foster! I didn't have to let them make lies about things because I could clear it up. I could explain everything!

"Oh wow! I can fix this! I can help them! This is great Teressa!" I whisper yelled, trying not to alert the others.

"Did you really just think about that Shawn?? You need to make a plan right now! Little Snowballs suffered enough!" They whisper yelled, yanking my collar.

"I will! Don't worry!" And I wasn't lying. I felt so bad for him. He deserves to at least have the rumors stopped. I needed to fix all this.

Soooooo

Maybe I took awhile

Just a lil bit

I lost motivation but it's back!!!! 😈😈😈

Look at them!! Reunited 😈

ALSO

here's the art I meant to put last chapter!!!

Im going to move this to the last chapter in a few days

Just putting it here first since more people will see it if it's here

:•)

Cold Resolve

I paced my room, deep in thought. I wanted to resolve all this Snowball stuff as soon as I could but I couldn't pinpoint how. I'd have to make sure I knew all that happened and why Ice Cube stopped hanging out with him. I guess the best way to do that would be to ask her. I stepped out and looked around. I didn't realize how loud it had become. Even as small as they are they all had their tiny conversations going on, and it added it into a loud bustling living room.

"There you are! What were you doing in there?" Teressa asked, I stared at her silently.

"...Sleeping?" They didn't look impressed.

"Around dinner time? You sick or something?" She asked, putting the back of her hand against my forehead. I promptly smacked it away.

"I'm fine! I was just figuring out how to solve this Snowball situation!"

"Just tell Ice Cube that Snowball is not evil or whatever was going on! Easy peasy!"

"It's not that easy! I'll just talk to her first and then plan from there." They smiled.

"Good plan, ICE CUBE!" She yelled loudly, making everyone go quiet. Everyone in the crowd stepped away from Ice Cube, who looked very embarrassed to be called out.

"I got it, thanks Teressa," I sighed and kneeled, putting my hand out.

"Let's go talk!" I tried to say positively but everyone still seemed rattled. I don't blame them of course, usually, this meant something

scary.

I closed the door to my room and set Ice Cube on top of a book on my bed.

"Am I- um, am I in trouble?" She seemed scared.

"Oh of course not! I just wanted to ask you a few questions!" She looked even more nervous now?

"Ah..okay? What kind of questions?"

"About Snowball!" I tried to make myself sound approachable but she immediately looked even more afraid.

"Okay...that's fine." She slowly sat on the books and waited for me to ask.

"Well, to start, can you tell me why you guys stopped hanging out?"

"He...lied to me." I tried to think back to when that happened. It must've been back when they were barely just made.

"It was..about Golf Ball right?" There weren't many objects at that point so it wasn't hard to narrow down.

"Yeah, he hit her." She looked worried.

"Is that why you didn't want to be around him anymore?"

"Well yeah! He's violent! And a liar!" She shouted, previous shyness replaced with anger.

"Ice Cube, do you think Snowball is a threat? Like violent enough to worry?" Ice Cube thought for a moment.

"Maybe, it depends on what else he's done." I sat down next to her.

"Y'know he hasn't hurt anyone else, and the one time he did was an accident." Ice Cube looked up at me.

"How'd he accidentally hurt someone?" It sounded like she couldn't even believe that was possible.

"Foster had made Snowball very strong, and it kinda stressed him out a lot, I'm sure even if he meant to push Golf Ball away he didn't know he could hurt her, she's strong." She stared at me, then turned to look down at the ground again.

"Then...why did he lie to me? If it was an accident."

"Well I guess you'd have to ask him, I don't know. He didn't tell me that much." Ice Cube gnawed at her lip nervously.

"I can set that up if you want, you don't have to though, you can take all the time you need," I assured her.

"No you can set it up today, I'm ready." She stood confidently as she spoke, though she was only 3.3 inches tall so it barely made a difference. I clapped my hands together and stood too.

"Alright then! You can go hang out and I'll get you both when it's all ready!" I held out my hand and she stepped into it and I put her back with her other friends. Teressa stared at me from the kitchen table.

"Did it go well?" She whispered as I walked to her.

"Yeah I'd think so, she wants to talk to him, get some explanation."

"About...what?" They asked.

"Well it was mostly a misunderstanding so I guess about that." She stared into the crowd.

"I hope they work it out, Snowball seems so lonely." And she was right. He was alone. But I hope clearing things up would help him, and everyone else.

- - -

Snowball nervously sat outside on the small concrete ledge in Xaviers backyard. They waited until nightfall to make sure it was cold enough for him. He watched the slight swaying of the grassy backyard, jolting when he heard the glass door slide open. He turned

and watched Xavier silently set Ice Cube down, before closing the door.

They stared at each other for what felt like an eternity before Ice Cube walked to the ledge of the concrete and sat down next to him.

"So..." he started awkwardly.

"So...is that stuff true? About Golf Ball I mean."

"Oh. Yeah, it is." Xavier caught him up on the convo they had with Ice Cube.

"Then why didn't you tell me? You didn't have to lie." She stood her ground.

"Because that was violent! I hurt her! If I told you I thought you'd leave me, and when you did find out you did leave. So I had something to worry about, right?" He explained defensively.

"But I didn't know it was an accident! If you had told me you could've explained it and I probably wouldn't have reacted the way I did."

"Probably." Ice Cube bit her lip. He was right to be conflicted. The second she found out he hurt anyone her mind wandered to an image of a violent brute. No one called her friends evil and violent when they dropped her on accident. She was a little quick to fear. But to be fair she was told he was a violent murder, and she was with him alone every day, she thought he was something to fear.

"Snowball, you don't have to forgive me, you have every right to be mad at me!" She clarified, standing up.

"What? No, I want you to forgive me! I want to hang out again!" He said, reaching out and placing a hand on her head.

"Of course I forgive you! If you really and truly only lied because you didn't want me to think of you wrongly and if you only ever hurt Golf Ball once on accident."

"Of course!" She looked at the floor.

"...you promise?" She asked quietly.

"Yeah. I promise." He responded with a smile.

"Then that's settled!" She stared at the glass door.

"...what about everyone else?" She added quietly.

"I mean I've had to deal with how they acted for most of my life, I'm sure I'll be fine," Snowball said hopefully, standing next to her. They both walked to the door and waited for someone to notice and let them in.

When they were set with the others everyone's eyes immediately landed on them. It overwhelmed Ice Cube, she wasn't the biggest fan of the attention. Surprisingly though, most of the faces looking towards them seemed sympathetic. Xavier leaned down next to them.

"I kinda explained it to them too, just to make sure the rumors weren't going around still." He said with a joyful smile.

"What'd you tell them?" Snowball said, knowing he'd be embarrassed if everyone knew how upset he was.

"Just that it was Foster's fault and you never were a crazy violent murderer!" Snowball's eyes widened and he looked back towards the crowd. They weren't...mad at him? They weren't looking at him out of fear and disgust? It was new for sure. In a few seconds, everyone's eyes were back on their conversations. Snowball began his conversation with Ice Cube before being quickly interrupted.

"It's Snowball right?" Lightning asked, full well knowing his name. Snowball looked nervous.

"Yeah?" Snowball said warily. Lighting smiled.

"We were wondering if you wanted to hang out or something!" Snowball looked around.

"We?" To Snowball's confusion Lightning also started looking around.

"Fan? Where'd you go! You said you'd come with me!" Lightning

yelled loudly, garnering attention.

"Shut up Lightning I'm right here! No need to yell!" Fan yelled, suddenly appearing from wherever she was hiding. Snowball recognized her, she was from his room, just like lightning. She was the one who almost talked to him once. It made his chest feel funny like he was sick.

"I mean well- really? You wanna hang out with me?" He sounded unconvinced. Lighting still kept a nice smile.

"Yeah! Makeup for lost time!" He offered. Snowball glanced at Ice Cube, wanting to gauge her opinion. She leaned over to whisper.

"It sounds fun!" He smiled at her response since he did like the idea.

"Okay, we can hang." He said as casually as he could.

"Okay good! I already had a great idea! Those building blocks the other kids used before we got here looked really cool! We gotta build a house!" He yelled gleefully, already detailing a plan. Snowball was trying hard to contain too much excitement as Lightning described a house building plan. This was the most friends he's ever had.

Omg...hi 😳

Ignore that this took 6 months

I basically just didn't work the whole summer and I started school recently so motivations back up! 💪💪

Anyways Snowball chapter!! My beloved 😈

:•)

Melting Feeling

Lollipop slowly awoke from her nap. Or maybe her sleep? She didn't know what time it was. She hasn't for days. She just trusts her instincts and sleeps when she gets tired. It would've been so much easier if they were just back home. When they all knew when nighttime was. She missed the ease of just hanging with her roommates all day without a care in the world. Her roommates... Her friends...

She hated to admit how much she missed them.

She tried so hard to force those feelings away to be the best she could be. But in the end, none of that even mattered anymore. Now she was alone. Alone in this cold, quiet room. What would they think if she showed up now? They'd hate her. She wanted to apologize though, even if they didn't forgive her. But she'd wait a little while, it's barely morning, she assumes. Why would anyone be awake?

So she leaned back against the cold metal wall, hoping she could sleep it off and be ready to apologize.

- - -

I shot up in my bed, drenched in sweat. I've been having horrible nightmares. I quickly regained my composure and got out of bed. I have to get dressed. Slipping on my usual T-shirt and slacks, I stumbled over myself grabbing for my lab coat. The small yelp I heard broke me out of my process.

Oh right, I have no job!

Hah!

I peeked into my lab coat pocket, to find Snowball, curled up inside. I delicately pulled him out.

"Snowball, what are you doing here? Why aren't you with everyone else?" He frowned.

"I just like your coat more! Is that not allowed?" He seemed a little scared.

"Of course it's fine Snowball, I was just curious!" I reassured him.

"I'm going to do some chores, maybe you should stick with the others in the living room till I'm done!" I tried to keep my voice calm and friendly, to let him know he was safe. He just nodded quietly and ran out of the room.

I yawned and walked out into the kitchen. Seems like Teressa wasn't awake yet. I'll start on breakfast and then do some quiet cleaning.

Breakfast was easy to make, if not just a little tedious. And I swept the whole kitchen! I'm feeling very productive! I should probably do my laundry too, I haven't in a couple of weeks and I'm running out of clothes. I grabbed my overflowing laundry basket from my room and quietly stepped into the guest room to grab Teressa's, who was still sound asleep.

I opened the washer and dumped a mixture of red and yellow clothes into it. Easy enough, I'll just switch it over in a while.

- - -

An hour passed and most of the objects were awake. Snowball stepped up the building block steps and into the house he built with his friends yesterday.

"I'm a little tall for this..." Snowball said, hunching over to get through the doorways.

"Oh, I'm sorry Mr.Tallest person alive! We told Xavier to buy some more, we'll fix it later." Fan said in her usual hateful tone. It confused

Snowball. She spoke of accommodating him, but she also insulted him? She didn't seem to hate him though and that made him happy. Meanwhile, Lightning was still flying overhead, adding bricks to the roof. Snowball stepped into a side room and could see Fan looking out the brick window.

"I wish it was taller, we're definitely making this taller!" She said to herself, looking down at everyone outside.

"Hey Fan, can I ask you something?"

"What?"

"When our room was first made back in the lab, were you actually going to talk to me?" His voice was quieter as he talked. She didn't turn around.

"...yeah. But I didn't. And I suppose I owe you an apology for believing Pencil of all people," she turned to look at him.

"But that doesn't matter, now stop asking dumb questions!" She walked past him out of the room as she spoke. Snowball stood quietly, a small smile on his face. He turned and peeked out the window.

"Hey Ice Cube! Want a tour?" Snowball yelled out the window, Ice Cube looked up from her conversation.

"Maybe later! We're going to explore around more!" She yelled back. Snowball smiled and gave a thumbs up. Not dealing with all the drama was the most relieving thing to happen to Snowball. He didn't feel the intense anger about all the rumors and lies, and it also meant he didn't feel the intense loneliness. The ache to be included. To even be recognized as someone who could be normal. It was a dream come true.

Flower held her knees to her chest, looking out the window next to

the front door. She saw flowers on Xavier's TV, kept in little vases, displayed as pretty decoration. She liked that idea, being admirable and pretty...She felt the petal that covered her eye. Even though Xavier kept establishing that nothing was "weird" about them, no matter the difference, she still felt like an odd one out. A lot of people were missing one or more limbs, and a couple could fly, but Flower was the only one missing an eye. No one could understand her the way they could understand each other, she was constantly worried that people thought she was somehow worse than everyone else. She sighed, trying to tune out the people in the living room, happily chatting and playing together.

"Wow, this is a good hiding spot!" A high-pitched voice spoke behind her. She yelped and jumped back.

"Oops! Wasn't tryna scare ya!" Ruby said in her ever-happy tone. Flower stayed cowering away from her. Ruby sat near her, staring at her quietly.

"...Why are you up here?" Flower asked defensively. Ruby's smile was friendly.

"I saw you climbing up earlier and decided to see what was up! You remember me right?! We were in the same room!" She stood proud as she asked. Of course, Flower remembered her. She was friends with Pencil, Match, and Bubble. Bubble didn't seem bad at all but Pencil and Match could be mean if they wanted to. But even they seemed to be neutral on the whole situation by the end of it.

That didn't mean Flower trusted any of them.

"Sure. I remember. Doesn't explain why you needed to follow me." Ruby frowned at this response but sat down and scooted closer to Flower anyways.

"Well, now that all this is done I thought it would be nice to get to know you! You seem really cool!" Flower turned away, hiding an anxious grin.

"Cool huh?" She asked. Ruby laughed.

"Yeah! And pretty!" Flower turned back to her and stared.

"...you actually think I'm pretty? Like actually?" In the flurry of emotions, Flower let her petals go and they all stood uniform around her head. Ruby looked in awe.

"Definitely! The prettiest!" Flower smiled. Ruby giggled.

"I got you to smile!" She said with her own giddy grin. Flower laughed along with her.

"I guess you did!"

Golf Ball paced the room, Tennis Ball close behind her. She was incredibly frustrated. It was hard for her to adapt to all this. She could barely understand everything in the lab, and yet it was somehow worse now.

"A radio! With SOUND WAVES! I need you to write this down TB!" He quickly sat down and began writing. Xavier gave them all the little science books he could make but it wasn't enough. She hated how lost she felt here. She sat near him, both of them sitting in the hallway next to the bedrooms. Xavier rushed by and Golf Ball stood quickly.

"WAIT! Where are you GOING?" She demanded to know. They looked down at them.

"Oh! Didn't see you two down there! I'm going into the laundry room!" They explained quickly.

"Why?" Xavier looked around.

"To do laundry?" She narrowed her eyes.

"What's laundry?" Xavier grabbed at his shirt.

"Humans wear these clothes. We have to wash them. You call clothes

you wash laundry. And I'm moving my wet clothes into the dryer!" She huffed and turned to Tennis Ball.

"Did you get all that TB?" He nodded, writing quickly. Golf Ball watched through the doorway as they moved the mass of red and yellow clothes into the dryer.

"Bet you 'Laundry room' isn't in any of our science books." She said with a huff.

"I'm sure they can get us a book about how they work!" She rolled her eyes.

"That's not the point..." She sat back down, leaning against him.

"I hate feeling so uninformed! Xavier knows all this stuff like it's easy! How am I ever supposed to live like this! I can't get over it like everyone else, all goofing off with electronics and toys!" She continued to rant, leaving Tennis Ball to listen quietly, paying attention to every complaint she could spew. After a few minutes, she got quieter, letting herself calm down.

"Feeling better GB?" He asked quietly. She sighed.

"Yeah. Thanks, TB." It was a rare moment of vulnerability from her that Tennis Ball rarely saw.

"What! You guys have nicknames?! That's so cute!" Teressa said, kneeling down to look at them. Golf Ball jumped up.

"Don't sneak up on us taller person!" She yelled, back to her calculated demeanor. Teressa laughed.

"You guys are adorable!" She laughed more as she walked by the two. Golf Ball gritted her teeth.

"This is ridiculous..." she muttered, standing back up.

"Let's go study different things in the kitchen or something." She had already started walking away before Tennis Ball responded. Tennis Ball smiled and quickly followed after.

Lollipop jolted awake, breaking into a cold sweat. An explainable pain shot through her face. What was happening to her? She tried to stand but something felt wrong. She grabbed at her face to figure it out and...

Something was...

Sticky.

She quickly twisted her head in horror, now seeing the damage.

Her face.

It had melted to the metal.

She was now aware that this metal was shaking. Not only shaking but extremely warm. The loud whirring of the machine made her more upset and confused. She planted her hands against the hot machine and pushed, attempting to pull her melted half away. She finally managed, despite the mess the melted candy had left.

She stood on her feet, pressing her hand to her face. It didn't help too much, as the purple candy just melted past her hand and onto the ground. She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to ignore the pain. It was hard to walk with her now asymmetrical head, but she managed to slowly make her way to the doorway.

"What happened to you?!" A voice yelled. She looked up at an unfamiliar face. She was a pencil sharpener. Lollipop stared in confusion, did she really not remember someone?

"Wait here- or maybe follow-No! Wait here! I'll get help." Lollipop wasn't in a state to complain. As soon as the sharpener left she dropped to the ground, still holding back tears. She wanted to run but even blinking felt like her face was on fire. Which it kinda is.

"Okay! She's over here!" More people she didn't recognize. Maybe it was her injury.

"Jeez, she's melty! One of us needs to get papa." One of the pencil toppers said. He and the pink one volunteered, running off.

"Maybe if we like...push it back where it goes?" The red crayon suggested, pushing at her face, which was a little less melty. Nonetheless, she immediately shouted in pain and shoved him away.

"Well, maybe not that?"

"OBVIOUSLY not that!" The orange crayon yelled.

"Man why would I know that! I'm a crayon! And I have yet to have half my face melt off like some monster!" They both glanced at Lollipop.

"You guys are mean." The green crayon said before they all turned to loud footsteps.

"Lollipop!" Xavier yelled anxiously, scooping her up off the ground. They held her up to their face.

"Oh no! What happened?!" He asked, already walking towards the bathroom. She stayed quiet.

"The metal wall...it was warm." Xavier thought for a moment.

"The laundry room? You were next to the dryer Lollipop?!" Lollipop stayed quiet. She squeezed her eyes shut, feeling the cold water wash over her face.

"That should stop the melting. Now, what were you doing in the laundry room?! You had me worried when you vanished like that!" Lollipop glanced up at them slowly.

"Do I have to talk about it?" Her voice was quiet. Xavier walked to the hallway and stood still.

"...No. Of course not. Do you want to hang out in my room for a while to calm down?" Lollipop looked down the hall towards the living room, still bustling with the noise of all the people she knew, happy and loud.

"I want to go see everyone." She said, her voice more confident.

"Of course!" Xavier set her down near the living room.

"Let me know if you need anything." With that, she was off. Her balance was still a little off, she reached her hand to her face. Still had both eyes, even if one was half closed, but a big chunk was missing from the side of her head. She sighed, suddenly sighting them. Her friends. They hadn't noticed her. She slowly approached them.

"Lollipop?! What happened!" Ice Cube asked.

"Why bother coming here? We know what you did!" Book added. Lollipop stared at them all, motionless.

"Well?! You have some nerve after what you di-"

"I wanted to apologize." Book was surprised to hear this. She crossed her arms.

"All of a sudden huh?" Lollipop looked at her, a somber look in her eyes.

"Yes. Because I realized how cruel I was. And decided I should apologize for my actions. You don't have to forgive me. You can be mad. I just needed to finally express my guilt to you all." Everyone looked on quietly. Book spoke up.

"I can't believe you'd-"

"I forgive you!" Ice Cube interrupted.

"We do too!" Saw cheered, grabbing Gate with her. Teardrop nodded as well. Book looked around, then back at Lollipop, tears welling in her eyes.

"I...I should forgive you too."

"You don't have to." Lollipop said.

"Yeah, but everyone you hurt has forgiven you, I shouldn't speak for

them." Book wiped a tear away with a smile. Lollipop smiled too.

"Yay! Teams back together!" Saw cheered happily, rounding them all up into a hug.

"Glad to have our Lollipop back." Gate told Lollipop with a soft smile.

"I'm glad too." She said, hugging them all back. She had finally apologized. And she finally had her friends back. She couldn't think of anything better than this.

Hi!!!
Ignore how long this took

Which for anyone curious was about 10 months

Omg
ANYWAYS

I REDESIGNED THEM ALL!!!

I love them 😈

I redesigned the others too but idk where those went so

:•)

Beautiful Night

Tree sat patiently, listening to Bottles ramble,

"Oh, what if I had plants like that! It's like a lot of mini you's!" She pointed at the tv screen as she spoke.

"Then you'd be a terrarium, which you're not, so you probably shouldn't." His voice was as calm as ever.

"I think a change of scenery would be nice! I'm going to ask Xavier later!" Her cheerful voice was hard to argue with.

"Then I suppose you could-"

"Guys! Emergency roommate meeting! Right now!" Light Switch yelled up at them.

"Okay, first of all, we're not roommates anymore, second of all, no need to shout!" Tree complained, slowly climbing off the couch.

"But it's impossibly important Tree!" Her tone was as stern as ever.

"And what's this impossibly important thing?"

"A sunset! A real one! And it's super beautiful!" She practically screamed about it. Tree's eyes lit up—the books from their room! The pretty colorful sunsets adorned the bright pages!

"We gotta get Pillow! Where is she?" When Tree said that they all began rapidly scanning the living room.

"There she is!" Light Switch pointed at the giant toy brick building in the middle of the room. Pillow sat atop it, comically large magnifying glass in hand, watching and analyzing the bustling room.

"You and Bottle go get the others, I'll get Pillow!" They both ran off

and Tree ran towards the colorful brick building, sights set on Pillow, still focused on her studies.

"Pillow! Come down here!" Tree yelled with cupped hands over his mouth. She peeked at him, then ignored him. "Oh, I can't believe-PILLOW!" She fully turned to look this time, lowering the tool.

"Hm?" She smiled as if she wasn't just ignoring him.

"Light Switch says there's a sunset! A real one! Like the ones you wanted to see!" Her curious face lit up and she yanked her magnifying glass back up to look out towards the glass door in the kitchen. Her smile grew bigger on her face.

"Okay let's go!" She yelled, throwing herself off the tower. Tree cried out and ran to catch her, narrowly missing and falling on his face. "I'm soft! I can land!" She ran off before he could gather his bearings. He quickly recovered and chased her over to the kitchen.

"Took you two long enough!" Pen said with annoyance. Tree rolled his eyes.

"Okay, you all here?" Xavier asked patiently, hand on the back door. They all agreed and Xavier slid open the door. Pillow ran out past them. The group made their way outside with her, finally getting a proper look at the sky.

The sky was a bright shade of yellow-orange, and the shining sun glistened yellow on the horizon. Clouds occasionally scattered the sky, the oranges, and yellows reflecting off them.

"This is amazing!" Light Switch gleefully announced, breaking the awed silence. Pillow reached her hands up,

"I feel like you should be able to grab it. It looks so close." Her smile was uncharacteristically absent, her eyes locked on the sunset she dreamed of from their bright white room in the lab.

"Everything you ever dreamed of, Pillow?" Pie asked her, and Pillow looked over at her, the awed look still painted across her face.

"...Yeah. I really like this." Pillow smiled up at the sky.

"Yay! Look at us all! We should hang like this more!" Bottle cheered loudly, shocking everyone again.

"We really should, this is nice!" Pen agreed. Tree sighed, before smiling. It was so nice and relaxing, he really liked their new home.

"Are you sure you don't just want it all pink again?" Fries asked, pushing more spare fluff to Puffball's head.

"Nope! This is much cooler!" Everyone was gathered around her as Fries replaced the missing patches.

"I think we need more glue!" Stapler announced and Eraser rushed in, oversized squeeze bottle in hand.

"Got it!" He yelled, squeezing more super glue onto Puffball's head. Fries grabbed bright blue fluff and pressed it into the empty spot.

"That about does it. How's that?" She floated up to a window, staring in awe at her looks. An array of bright greens, blues, oranges, and yellows replaced the missing fluff patches.

"It looks amazing! Thanks, you guys!" She floated down and Fries brought her in for a hug.

"Jeez! Were you always this huggy?" She laughed.

"I'm still a little shaken honestly, it was scary." Puffball just giggled again, brushing off Fries mentioning her near-death experience.

"Well, it's fine now! We're all okay." Fries embarrassingly scanned the rest of his friends, who all seemed perfectly fine. He let out a long sigh.

"Yeah, Yeah, you're right." He hugged her again with a soft smile, and this time she embraced it.

"Wow! They really are best friends huh!" Bell starred on gleefully. Eraser rested his elbow on her.

"Yeah they are, it's pretty cool." Bell moved up, letting Eraser flop onto the ground. "Unlike us apparently." Bell laughed at his dig.

"Best is pushing it." She snarked with an eye roll. He scoffed and sat up, leaning on his hands.

"Any news on that book?" Bell's smile fell.

"Xavier said he's really busy or whatever. So he doesn't have time to make a normal-sized copy of my book." She explained, annoyed.

"Awe, that sucks! " Eraser groaned, sharing her upset.

"I know! What's the point of reading if I never read? It's wasted talent!"

"I mean, you can get another book?" Bell screeched in annoyance at his suggestion.

"I need to know what happens in *that* book though! I can't read other books with that in the back of my head!" She ranted.

"Well, I guess you'll never read again!" Bell swung into him, letting a loud ring vibrate through the room. Eraser picked himself off the ground again. "I was joking, by the way."

"Oh, I knew." Bell laughed at him with a smirk. Eraser just huffed, hiding an impressed smile.

Leaf sat perched in the dark on the edge of the kitchen table, avoiding the crowd. Xavier explained to everyone what had happened, and how it hadn't been her fault at all.

It was bittersweet.

Past friends apologized repeatedly, and everyone felt horrible. Part of her didn't like that everyone just had all her personal life announced to them like that. All the sorry looks she got now panged her a little. So the silence was, ironically, what comforted her now. She desperately wanted everything to be how it was before, it's like she couldn't win either way.

"Hey Leaf." Flame's scratchy voice broke the silence. Leaf just turned towards him silently. He hadn't looked at her all day. It was just like normal. He sat down next to her without another word.

"What're you doing?" He asked casually. She didn't look at him.

"Nothing I guess." How was she supposed to respond? She was so confused.

"Cool." The silence grew. "So..." He started. She chewed the inside of her cheek. "What Xavier said was...true?" The familiar warmth of his body made tears well up in her eyes.

"Um...yeah." Flame sucked in a pained breath.

"I...um- came to-" He stammered, fidgeting with his hands. "...Apologize." Leaf immediately twisted to look at him. He was already looking away. Apologize? Leaf couldn't remember a lot of when she was younger, not as much as it seems everyone else did. But she clearly remembers how it was when she was back. When he shoved her. Yelled at her. She started sobbing, much to Flame's shock.

"Oh! Um- okay...I didn't-" He had no clue what to do. So he sat next to her, silently, staring at the floor. It was a few minutes before she calmed down enough to speak. She turned again, and this time he was looking too, finally letting them make eye contact.

"I just- Flame..." She looked so tired, he couldn't help but feel even more guilty. "I don't think...I can forgive you." She looked away again, fighting more tears.

"Oh."

"I just can't...Not after all this. Maybe we can work up to that, for a little while."

"Yeah yeah, that makes sense." They sat silently.

"...I'm sorry." She quickly added.

"No, Leaf. I was apologizing. And- you don't have to accept it. If you can't accept it yet, that's something I work on." Leaf stood up, wiping her tears. Flame stood up too.

"You're right. So, we have a deal then?" Flame looked a little

confused. "I won't accept your apology until I think you've earned it." It took some strength but she got the sentence out with confidence. She held out her hand.

"Okay. Makes sense." They shook hands, sealing the deal.

"Well...I'll see you later then?" Flame asked unsurely.

"...Yeah." Leaf watched Flame walk away, The bright shine of his flame illuminating the dark kitchen. Part of Leaf was happy. She was glad that maybe, even though it could never be the same, she could have some normalcy back.

Block lazily walked over to Grass and Basketball, who happily chatted together on the arm of the couch.

"Well, look who decided to show up!" Basketball huffed, Grass stuck out his tongue at him with a smile.

"What? I was busy! What are you two up to?"

"Watching TV with Grass, because I'm his best friend," Block huffed at the assertion. "-And his mama." Basketball planted a bunch of kisses on Grass's forehead, sending the boy into a giggle fit.

"His...what?" Block asked curiously.

"I saw it on the TV. I think I'm his mama!" A sudden, unexplainable surge of jealousy washed over Block.

"Yeah, yeah whatever. I'll be back- don't go anywhere!" Block yelled, running off. Basketball looked down at Grass.

"Ain't he silly?" She asked.

"Yeah!" He agreed. Basketball watched curiously as Blocky ran out of the living room into the kitchen. What could he be up to?

"Hey, you two!" Tennis Ball said happily.

"Oh, hey TB! Where's your partner in crime?" Basketball seemed less happy at the mention of Tennis Balls' best friend.

"Ah- you know how Golf Ball is! It's fine, she's exploring anyways! I was just taking a break to bring Grass some fruit, I read it's good and nutritious!" Grass perked up at the mention of his name.

"Yay! Thanks, Tennis Ball!" Basketball hadn't thought of how close they could be, especially after the whole almost-dying thing. It was probably just as scary for him, especially seeing Grass like that.

"Look! Raspberries!" Grass showed the small bowl to Basketball, snapping her out of her thoughts. And also that she didn't know the name of that fruit til Grass told her.

"Wow! Looks good-"

"HAH! I can have a parental title too!" Block suddenly announced.

"What are you talking about Block?"

"I can be his mom, or his dad, or his parent! Xavier said so! The skies the limit!" Block swopped Grass up and tossed him up in the air. "Aint that right!?" He cheered.

"Yeah!" Grass yelled back, laughing along.

"No way! I'm already his mom!" She protested, to which Block stuck his tongue out at her.

"You're both silly!" Grass laughed.

"Yeah they sure are, what are you two squabbling about!" Golf Ball asked Tennis Ball, approaching the group. Block placed Grass on his head.

"We're talking about parental titles. Very cool stuff." Block said with a calm tone, Basketball nodded with him.

"You guys are so competitive, I can only hope you guys don't find the sports channel." Golf Ball rolled her eyes as she spoke.

"The hmm channel?" Basketball asked inquisitively.

"Ah, it's fine! Anyways, looks like you could use a break GB, Let's go!"

Tennis Ball said, subtly nudging Golf Ball away.

"I do not- You don't know that! Tennis Ball! I'm busy!" She protested, eventually (but reluctantly) agreeing. Block and Basketball stared at each other silently, before laughing.

"She's so uptight!" Block laughed harder.

"What's so funny?" Grass asked, peering down from Block's head.

"Ah, just how silly Golf Ball is, don't worry!" He explained.

"Yeah, we're just having some fun!" Basketball added.

"And- y'know what? You can be a parent too, I guess." Block rolled his eyes.

"I was going to anyway. Don't worry." Basketball laughed.

"Whatever, let's just watch the show." Block grabbed Grass from his head to put him in his lap, sitting next to Basketball. Hanging out together was always fun. Block liked the bond he could have with the both of them.

"So have you always had water in there?" Donut asked. Paper Bag poked at herself.

"Yeah, pretty much I think."

"Wow! Think you could put other stuff in there?" The group stared at Nail silently.

"...Anyways did you-" Donut briefly started, being quickly interrupted.

"BOO!" Gelatin screamed, tackling Donut. Everyone screamed in terror. Gelatin quickly got up laughing. Donut, however, stayed laying on the ground, breathing heavily. "Hah! Got you guys huh?" The group stared at him silently, all with shocked expressions. Except for Flame Jr., Who held back laughs.

"Too soon?" He asked, his smile less excited than before.

"YES, too soon Gelatin that wasn't funny!" Paper Bag scolded him, already going to Donuts aid, who was still laying on the ground in shock.

"It was a little funny." Junior retorted. Bomb looked over disapprovingly.

"Not funny Junior be quiet!" Paper Bag said sternly.

"Go to hell how bout." He said, sticking his tongue out at her, She rolled her eyes.

"I'm going... to ignore... your new obscenities." An out of breath Donut whispered, pushing himself up on his hands.

"Just trying to lighten the mood guys! My bad!" Gelatin looked over guiltily. He was doing much better of course, but the damage still lingered. Paper Bag ran her tongue over the gap between her teeth.

"You're too much of a jokester sometimes..." Donut said, finally sitting back up.

"Just be less of a scaredy-cat next time." Bomb elbowed Junior for his remark.

"Nah, I was pushing it huh?" Gelatin admitted, sitting with the group.

"Well- You seem sorry enough. It's cool." Donut shrugged.

"Thin ice." Paper Bag added. Nail laughed.

"Whatever whatever, anyways what's up Gelatin?" Nail asked him. He shrugged.

"Just hanging out I guess." He leaned on his elbows casually. "What were you guys up to?"

"We *were* enjoying a peaceful afternoon chatting and watching TV before you tried to re-scar Donut." Gelatin looked away with guilt as Paper Bag scolded him.

"So in other words, also just hanging out." Nail remarked with a

happy smile.

"Well, then lucky I'm here then huh!"

"Y'know what, sure Gelatin, lucky you're here." Donut said, holding back Paper Bag from another petty remark. After everything that happened, Donut was actually pretty happy they could all hang out like this. It made him hopeful. For everyone's new home, with new people, and freedom. Even with Gelatin's jokes, or Junior's remarks, he wouldn't want it any other way.

Bet you weren't expecting the final scene to be a Team Ice Cube scene huh

Honestly I like

Really wanted to finish this thing already,,,

also maybe never put myself through writing BfB content again,,,

Its simply IMPOSSIBLE to write like 64 perspectives like that 💔💔

Anyways hope you liked it <333

It was tough but I still tried 😩😩

:•)